THE DIAL.

VOL. I. APRIL, 1841. No. IV.

THE UNITARIAN MOVEMENT IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE Unitarian movement in New England has a deeper signification for the philosopher and historian, than is brought out in the controversial works of those engaged in it. It is quite likely, too, that there is a deeper one than those in the midst of the dust, and smoke, and tumult of the contest, whether friends or foes, can discover for themselves, or even see when it is pointed out by others. It will be well for us, therefore, to retire, if we can, for a while from the scene of contention and turmoil, to some eminence from which we may view the field, unbiassed by personal feelings and interests, not only to see how goes the day, but also to see more clearly what the nature and object of the contest really are. This we now propose to do. We call the movement in the church, the Unitarian movement, because it is now known by that name, and because a better does not readily occur to us, rather than because we like it.

As it is probable that the results, to which we shall arrive, will not be satisfactory to the Unitarians in every particular, we wish to bespeak their good will, by showing that we fully appreciate their labors and motives, and the necessity there was that something should have been done. We are not, however, satisfied with the solution of the Unitarian movement that is now common; namely, that certain noble and manly souls, feeling the oppression and tyranny of the prevalent form of church-government and discipline, and gifted with a keener insight and a more sensitive con-

science than their contemporaries, seeing absurdity in their doctrines, deadness in their faith, and hollowness in their worship, and whatever other ill effects there might be of the prevalent theology and church-discipline, did, like brave men and true Christians, take their stand for liberty of conscience and freedom of inquiry; that, therefore, their preaching was necessarily controversial, occupied with tearing down Calvinism, rather than with building up any new system; that now, when this kind of preaching has done its work, and ceases to be interesting, there must, of course, be a temporary *still-stand*, in appearance at least, while this sect, having done its work as a reforming, is becoming a conservative one; and that in a fitting time, even now at hand, they will put forth and systematize the positive part of their faith, and be recognised in Christendom as a communion, whose position and views are well defined and generally known and respected. This solution of the phenomenon is plausible, and as true and philosophical perhaps, as any popular one that can be given. But there are some among us who desire something more than a popular solution. For such it is that we write, and with what degree of success, we humbly submit it to their judgment to decide.

We, however, agree with this popular solution in the main, so far as it goes. It describes only the surface. We would look into the nature of the deadness, corruption, and abuses of the church from which the Unitarians dissented. We would also look into the nature of the change they would bring us. The freedom for inquiring minds, and the liberty for the conscience, for which they so manfully and successfully contended,—are jewels beyond all price,—are the condition of all progress,—are the very atmosphere in which souls do grow; and while they labored for an end, which was felt by every living soul to be indispensable to its life, they had a strong hold on the heart of the community, and might calculate upon almost any degree of success. But these, indispensable as they are, are but the means to an ulterior end. They are the air we breathe, and therefore necessary; but they are not the food that we can live upon, nor the work to occupy our hearts and hands. When the Unitarians have secured these preparatory conditions, they must furnish the bread of life, or the souls that

have stood by them in their contest will famish off. While, then, we acknowledge what they have done, and look to them for a revival of Christianity, and a more full development of the Christian idea than can be effected by any other existing sect, which does not come upon the Unitarian platform of freedom for every inquiring mind, and liberty to conscience to decide for itself, in all cases, upon truth and duty, principles and measures; let us also be faithful to them, and point out their imperfections, the obstacles that oppose their progress, and the rocks and shoals that endanger their course.

Every system of theology grows out of and is shaped by the philosophical system of those by whom it is first digested and scientifically taught. For our present purpose, we shall divide all systems of philosophy into two classes, those that recognise innate ideas, and those that do not; and shall endeavor to show, in the course of our article, that there are but three distinct systems of theology founded upon the idea of one God, namely, Pantheism, Trinitarianism, and Unitarianism; the first two growing out of the philosophy that recognises innate ideas, and the last out of that which does not. Leaving Pantheism for the present out of view, the great question upon which the other two systems split, the point upon which individuals and sects turn in deciding upon the views they will adopt, is native depravity; and, therefore, we will in this article, for convenience' sake, call all those systems that hold to depravity, by the general name Trinitarian, and those that do not hold to depravity, and the dogmas generally and logically connected with it, Unitarian. On the side of the Trinitarians, there is greater logical consistency and completeness of system than there is on the other. The only thing that essentially modifies the Trinitarian systems, and furnishes a good ground for a subdivision, is the view they take of the freedom of the will,—or the answer they would give to the question, whether man, in his unregenerate state, is able of himself to will or desire to be born of the Spirit and become holy. Edwards and Hopkins, for instance, answer the question in the negative. The Methodists and Lutherans, we believe, answer it in the affirmative. The doctrine of infant damnation, and a few others that might be named, we do not consider as either included in or excluded by the Trinitarian theory.

We would remark here, that by Trinitarianism in this article we mean exclusively the *Trinitarian theology*, without any reference to the form of church-government with which it may happen to be connected, or the degree of liberty which the different churches may allow their members, or the charity they may have for those who do not belong to them. Hence we include Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Orthodox Congregationalists, and Roman Catholics. So too, by Unitarianism we mean the *Unitarian theology* exclusively; for we can see no necessary or logical connexion between this theology, and that liberty of conscience, that freedom of inquiry, and that liberality of the construction put upon Christianity, which have characterized the Unitarians in our age, and which have done more, in our estimation, than the peculiarities of their theology, to give them that degree of success with which their efforts have been attended. We must request the reader to bear especially in mind that we speak of the different systems in the *abstract*, rather than as they have appeared in any of their particular manifestations. We by no means intend that the Orthodox of our New England in this nineteenth century, shall pocket all the good things that we shall say of Trinitarianism; much less would we have the Unitarians suppose that we think that all the hard things we are compelled in truth to say of their system, are applicable to them. They are better than their system, and, therefore, we have a hope of them; while the Orthodox are worse than theirs, and this, if anything, would lead us to despair of them.

Unitarianism has made its appearance frequently in the Church — in Paul of Samosata, Arius, Pelagius, the Waldenses, Socinus, and the Polish Unitarians: and in England some of her brightest ornaments and best scholars are now acknowledged to have been Unitarians. Under Constantine it well nigh gained the ascendency, and in the succeeding reigns it was for several years the predominant faith. But the general, and perhaps we may say the uniform, voice of the Church has been against it. Of course we would not so far beg the question as to include the Apostolic Age in our assertion. So far, then, as the Church of Christ is our authority in interpreting the religion of Christ, that authority is against Unitarianism.

This fact, and we are anxious not to overstate it, is so important, that we will pause a moment to give it a little more consideration. Should we regard Christ merely as a teacher, — the lowest view that can be taken of him, — and suppose that his spirit has no influence upon his followers, except through his doctrines, as that of Plato and Zeno also had; still the uniform testimony of the body of his followers, who had professedly made his doctrines their study, and who had disciplined their lives upon his principles, that such or such a doctrine was the Christian, and the true one, would be a very great authority to prove that it is so. This principle we recognise, and make use of in our inquiries into the system of any other founder of a religious sect, or school in philosophy, and then we regard it as sound and legitimate. Why is it not as sound and safe in our inquiries into Christianity, as in our inquiries into Platonism? But if we take a more spiritual view of Christ, as of a being that came to communicate himself to his followers; and consider how many promises he made to his disciples that he would be with them always, even unto the end of the world; that when two or three were gathered together in his name, he would be there in the midst of them; how he promised the Comforter, which is the Spirit of Truth, which should lead them into all truth; how the Church is spoken of by Paul as the body of which Christ is the life, the soul, — we shall see that there is a reason for regarding the authority of the Church, when opposed to an individual, or a comparatively small body of dissenters, which there is not in the case of Plato and other teachers. This, we are aware, is going very near to the basis of Episcopacy; but we ought not to be scared from the truth, by its proximity to what we in many respects very much dislike. Carry this view to the extreme point to which it tends, and it will make no difference to the disciple, whether a doctrine were uttered by the lips of Jesus Christ in person, or by Christ living in Paul or John; or finally, by Christ as the life and soul of the Church. To one who holds this view, the testimony of the Church would be decisive against Unitarianism. But we design to make no use of this argument any farther than merely to state it.

During the whole of this controversy, it has been maintained that the dogmas of the Trinitarian theology were

corruptions of Christianity, introduced into the popular faith by the Platonic fathers, in the early ages of the Church. This position was maintained by an array of arguments, sufficient to convince any one that could be convinced by such arguments. It contained the shell of the truth, but not its substance. It is true that the Trinitarian view of Christianity was first reduced to dogmatic formulas by these fathers. It was many years, and required the labors of many and great geniuses, before the Trinitarian scheme received its full development, and an adequate scientific statement. Theophilus of Antioch, we believe, first introduced the word Trinity, as applied to the Godhead. Clement of Alexandria uses it once, and then in reference to Paul's triad, Faith, Hope, and Charity. But at the time of the Council of Nice the doctrine of the Trinity had received a pretty definite statement. This scheme is of such a nature that one needs but to receive one of its points, to be in the way to embrace the rest; for it is a unity, and each of its parts implies all the rest. It is a little remarkable that every writer upon dogmatics, whose name has come down to us, associated with recollections of any permanent influence exerted upon or important service done to the Church, helped, in one way or other, to develope the Trinitarian scheme, until it may be said to have received its completion by the hand of Augustine.

The arguments adduced by the Unitarians prove nothing more, and from the nature of the case they could prove no more, than that the Trinitarian scheme received its development, systematic arrangement, and scientific statement, from these Platonic Fathers. This, we suppose, every intelligent Trinitarian will admit. The Unitarians further maintain, that these Fathers received the substance of their system from the Platonic Philosophy, while the Trinitarians maintain that they derived it from Christianity. There can be but little if any doubt in the minds of those acquainted with the writings of Plato, that the Trinitarian scheme can be made out from them, or at least from principles contained in them. Thus far the presumption is in favor of the Unitarians. But the question then arises, whether it cannot equally well be made out from the Christian Scriptures. This the Trinitarians affirm, but the Unitarians deny it. We waive the question for the present.

But all agree that the Trinitarian scheme received its development, and was introduced into the Church, by the friends of the Platonic Philosophy; and this is all that we had in view in alluding to its origin as a system. Now Platonism is a spiritual philosophy. It is transcendental, —it is dynamical. Unitarianism, on the other hand, has very rarely, so far as we know, been taught or held by any man of eminence in the church who was a Platonist. Many adherents, indeed, of the sensuous philosophy have received the Trinitarian scheme. Indeed this was generally the case at the commencement of the Unitarian movement, and this it was, we think, which gave rise to that movement. Men with a sensuous philosophy, and material conceptions of spirit and spiritual things, made but sorry work in teaching dogmas that were developed, and could be understood, only by means of a spiritual philosophy. These dogmas, thus taught, became absurdities, and all persons who had boldness to think for themselves, and the sagacity to discern these absurdities, were dissatisfied with what was called Christianity. Out of this dissatisfaction grew the Unitarian movement. We think we do not err when we say that the Unitarian theology owes its reception, more to the fact of its having brought relief from a theology that was felt to be absurd and enslaving to the soul, than to any convictions, which it produced in the minds of men, of its own intrinsic worth. When the Trinitarian scheme, from a living spirit warm from the heart, became congealed into dogmas, its incongruity with the quickening truths of the gospel, and with the best instincts of humanity, were strongly felt. This made it unwelcome to the hearts of men. The Church, bent on self-preservation, and confident, even beyond a doubt, that she was right, resorted to every means she could, to enforce the reception of her doctrines. She threatened all the unconverted with eternal torments in the world to come. She represented every calamity that befel men in this world, as an indication of the displeasure of God at the stiff-necked generation who would not receive his statutes. And in proportion to the absurdity and shallowness and self-contradictions of her theology, *as her ministers taught it*, was the necessity for her to watch over the action of the minds and consciences of her members, lest

error and heresy should creep in. Hence too all free inquiry must be checked that heresy might be forestalled. Hence spiritual despotism.

The authors of the Unitarian movement, dissatisfied with this state of things, took their stand boldly for freedom and truth. They probably were too much permeated with the philosophy of their age, to have much sympathy with the Platonic Philosophy, through which alone they could come to such an understanding of Trinitarianism, as to make it seem intelligible and rational. They therefore associated with the liberty of conscience and freedom of inquiry, for which they so manfully contended, the Unitarian theology. This association, it seems to us, was wholly accidental; since there is nothing in Unitarianism itself that is more congenial to free inquiry and liberty of conscience, than there is in Trinitarianism. While its reformers opposed the popular theology, which so many disliked, and held out such promises of freedom and encouragement in all inquiries after the truth, and of toleration for the opinions of honest minds, they met with great success. But they were thus living upon the crumbs that fell from another's table. They did not live and grow from a principle of life within themselves. The talk about freedom soon got to be an old story. The Unitarians had, however, from the first, insisted upon morality and good works, much more than was common in any other of the denominations of their day. This gave them some life of their own, underived from and independent of any other denomination. But they need, in order to their success, a quickening and lifegiving theology. Have they got it? This is the question we propose to discuss.

We have before alluded to the fact, that Unitarianism had frequently made its appearance in one form or another, and had as frequently been repudiated by the general and constant voice of the Church. This would seem to indicate that it is inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity.

We have before said that all systems of philosophy may be divided into two classes, — those which recognise innate ideas, and those which do not. There can be no other class. For those who do not believe in innate ideas, there is but one system of theology logically possible, and that is Unitarianism. For those who adopt the spiritual philos-

ophy, and hold to innate ideas, there are two systems logically possible. If one take ideas as his starting point, he comes to Pantheism. If he start from the fact of sin, he comes to Trinitarianism. Hence there are and can be but three systems of theology radically and specifically different from each other, based upon the idea of one God, — Unitarianism, Pantheism, and Trinitarianism.

If one deny innate ideas, he adopts a system of philosophy that is sensuous, for it traces the origin of all ideas to the senses; — it is empirical, for it teaches that we can know nothing except by experience; — and it is mechanical, for it ascribes to nature a causality different from that of God. If he have logical consistency in all his opinions and feelings, he is a Unitarian in his theology, a Whig in his politics, (if he be a citizen of our own country,) and a conservative in everything.

When we speak of one's adopting one or another system of philosophy, we do not mean to have it understood that we suppose that one in a hundred of those of whom we thus speak, has ever studied the different systems of philosophy, and deliberately chosen between them. Systems of philosophy are not made as we get up a constitution for a state or society; but they are foreordained in the constitutions of the men who receive them, and in the state of things in which they appear. One will belong to the school of philosophy that is most congenial to his temperament. Hence he may be said to belong to that school, even if he have never read a book or heard a lecture upon philosophy in his life. But suppose he begins to study philosophy. He examines the various systems, and it is certain that he will deliberately adopt that which he had before unconsciously acquiesced in. He will find it more true to the facts and experience of his own mind than any other. He will find that it harmonizes better with all his thoughts, feelings, and opinions, than any other, and therefore he will finally adopt it. Although it is very rare to find one logically consistent in all his opinions, still there is always a tendency that way, and one advances with a rapidity proportioned to the free, unbiassed, and unconstrained activity of his mind. The soul is such a unity in itself, that it tends with strength and speed proportioned to its vigor and spontaneity, to a unity in all

its opinions. This tendency to unity is an invariable law of our minds, and of all mind. Its influence is great, — far greater than the unreflecting suppose. It acts upon our thoughts and feelings both before they come into consciousness, and when they first come under the influence of the will, and does much to mould them during the process of their formation into opinions.

From this consideration of the law of unity, we are often led to speak of men as holding opinions, which in point of fact they do not hold, and to classify them with those from whom they thus apparently disagree. We classify them, not by the opinions they have adopted from interest, policy, or authority; but by those they have adopted from the free, unbiassed activity of their own minds, and which are therefore congenial to them. It requires but little sagacity to discriminate between the two.

The sensuous philosophy recognises no source of ideas but the senses. These connect the mind with the outward material world, and consequently, since they have no originating power of their own, they can furnish us with the ideas of nothing except what is out of them. Now since there is nothing but material things out there, we can have no conception of spirit; and since all matter is limited, we can have no idea of the Infinite, the Eternal; and finally since there is no source of ideas but the senses, all our knowledge is empirical, and experience can give us no idea of the Absolute and the Necessary. Hence it follows that the Author and Cause of Nature cannot be called Infinite and Eternal, but only Indefinitely Powerful, Wise, Good. As we can know no absolute truth, all truths that we can know are conditional; and the condition upon which they all depend in the last analysis, is the will of the First Cause. Hence we can know nothing of our duty and destiny except by a revelation of His will, made through some chosen messenger; and this messenger can authenticate his claim to be received in his official capacity, only by doing what the First Cause alone can do, namely, work miracles. We can then know nothing more of the message, than that it is the will and the opinion of the Creator. Hence duty is nothing but the will of God, and truth is nothing but the opinion of God. Some of the conclusions, that we have now drawn from this sensuous premiss,

will be acknowledged by the disciples of this school, and some will not; yet all of them will be assumed and implied in their discourse and writings.

We have thus a God that is not Infinite, but only Indefinite; whose will is duty and whose opinion is truth, — and for no other assignable reason than because they are His will and opinion. We get at Him through the material outlying world, with which our senses acquaint us, and at abstract truth and duty only through Him. Now as the senses can bring in ideas of only what is in the material world, they can bring in nothing but ideas and conceptions of material things; and as, according to this theory, the mind in its action upon these ideas and conceptions can add no new element, our idea of spirit must be material, or, strictly speaking, we can have no idea of spirit. We only christen matter in some exceedingly subtle and attenuated form with that name. Hence spirit, or what this school call so, is treated in all their thoughts and speculations, as subject to material formulas and categories. It is treated as having impenetrability. Hence its relation to number, as one or more, its relation to time, past, present, and future; to space, as here or elsewhere, and as being in but one place at a time. Hence God, who is the living spirit, is only man purified from sin, and indefinitely enlarged. He yet sustains, like man, relation to quantity, number, time, and place. He is therefore called a person, — in a sense involving these relations. Now to say that three persons, one of whom is like what is above described, are one person in the same sense of the word that they are three persons, is an absurdity, — a contradiction in terms. Thus the sensuous philosophy denies the possibility of a Trinity; and, as men will never find in Revelation what their philosophy, or their reason, as they usually call it, tells them to be impossible, one who adopts this philosophy will feel obliged, especially if he be opposed to mysteries, to interpret every passage of Scripture which others regard as proving the Trinity, as proving no such doctrine.

This philosophy, by making the soul a mere *tabula rasa*, a mere capacity, denies the possibility of innate depravity or original sin. It denies all spontaneity of soul. It denies that there is a tendency of any kind, and maintains that we sin through the influence of bad education, exam-

ple, and so forth. Giving, as it does, all the properties of matter to spirit, such as extension, impenetrability, it denies the possibility of a common soul. I am one man, one individual unit. Adam is another, and we can be one in no other sense than I and my pen are one. The corruption of his nature can no more affect mine, than it can that of my pen. My soul is inclosed within this body of mine. It never saw Adam, had no opportunity to assent to or dissent from his transgression, and it must therefore be the height of injustice to punish or disable me in any way for it. I cannot be answerable for his act, and no more can I have been created with a tendency or proclivity to sin, in consequence of his sin. Thus we see that this philosophy denies innate depravity, and consequently we need no Saviour. Born free and pure, we can, if we will, keep a righteous law, and all that we need is a teacher of that law; it will indeed be of great service to us, if he will set us an example of obedience to it. It is unjust to require of any individual what he cannot do; so that even if one cannot keep a perfect law, he cannot justly be punished for it. He is justified if he do all that he can.

So too there can be no regeneration. Such a change can mean nothing more than improvement,—the becoming more pure, more prudent, more industrious, more benevolent, more honest. It is not a new birth, into a world of new thoughts, new hopes and feelings, new lights and new life. It is an improvement in the life, effected by breaking off bad habits and practices, and cultivating those that are good and reputable; it is not a thorough purging of the fountain of life. As there is nothing in the soul except what has been brought in from some outward, foreign source, there can be no need of a change more radical than that effected in what flows from, and is reflected back into, the outward world by the soul. Now as the moral character was formed by the influence of education, example, — what is outward to the soul, and to the free will of the individual, — so it can be changed, — regeneration can be effected, — by the proper change in the external influences that environ the individual, and by his resolutions to that purpose. As there is no power or tendency to evil intrinsic to the soul, behind and controlling the will, there is no need of any foreign influence. Man can effect his own regeneration.

Such is the sensuous philosophy, and the theology which it gives, when applied to the interpretation of divine things. We do not describe these views as being those held by the Unitarians in our neighborhood, nor, indeed, as those that have ever been held by any considerable number of Christians. Yet such we believe to be the logical deductions from their premises, and, consequently, the goal towards which they tend. Such would be the views held by any who should adopt this system of philosophy in all its logical consequences and scientific proportions. But this system is counteracted more or less, probably, in every mind by the influence of its better nature.

Another simultaneous movement in Christianity is the Rationalistic, which is Pantheistic, according to our classification. This movement grew out of the Unitarian movement. It did not, however, grow out of the Unitarian theology; it is not a carrying out of Unitarianism, for the two systems have different starting points, and tend in different directions. Unitarianism and Rationalism are, however, associated in the present case; but the association is, philosophically speaking, purely accidental. We have before remarked, that the liberty allowed to the individual conscience, and the encouragement given to free inquiry, have no necessary connexion with Unitarian theology any more than with the Trinitarian. Perhaps they have generally been associated wherever Unitarianism has appeared, under some of its various names, in the Church. But this is not attributable to their theology, but rather to the fact, that the Unitarians have always been, as a sect, inferior both in point of numbers and general influence, to the other sects with whom they are compared in these respects. Small, persecuted sects are always more tolerant than large and predominant ones are, except in cases where the small sect is under the influence of fanaticism. There is, perhaps, another reason why Unitarians have generally been more tolerant and liberal than other sects, and that is to be found in the fact, that, as a general thing, they attach much less importance to theological opinions than to a moral and religious life. The connexion between the Unitarian and the Pantheist in the present case, however, is to be found in the encouragement which the former gave to freedom of inquiry. Had the popular theology, at the commencement

of the nineteenth century, been Unitarian, instead of being, as it was, an ossification of Trinitarianism, then the movement which was really made in favor of liberty of conscience and freedom of inquiry, would have been connected with the Trinitarian theology, and Trinitarianism would have sustained the same relation to Pantheism that Unitarianism now does.

The introduction of Pantheism and Rationalism into our country was thus. The sensuous philosophy, which had just before received its best statement, by one of England's best men and brightest ornaments, John Locke, and which then almost exclusively prevailed in the schools and in the reading of the common people, as well as in that of the learned classes, had laid its iron hand upon nearly or quite all men. It took from the books that stimulating and nourishing influence which they should have exerted upon the minds of their readers. It did not quicken men to sufficient mental activity and keenness of insight to make them perceive its imperfections. Hence the multitude received it with never a question of its truth. But the more enthusiastic and expansive minds felt the pressure severely. Perhaps they were not able to say what caused their misery. They were ignorant of the definite object they were to seek, and the Church forbade any general research, except on condition that the adventurer should return at last to rest in her own bosom. Moved by an instinct which she probably did not understand herself, she greatly preferred to have none wander in quest of truth and rest, to the strongest pledges they could give of their return. The Unitarian movement disenthralled the minds of men, and bade them wander wheresoever they might list in search of truth, and to rest in whatsoever views their own consciences might approve.

The attention of our students was then called to the literature of foreign countries. They wished to see how went the battle against sin and error there. They soon found a different philosophy in vogue, and one which seemed to explain the facts of their own experience and observation more to their satisfaction, than the one they had been accustomed to meet with in their books. In most cases the pleasure of the discovery was greatly heightened by the fact, that these men, in their previous inquiries, had come to

the same or similar conclusions. In some cases they had been too diffident to express them, while in others the expression of them had called forth manifest indications of disapprobation, if not open persecution.

The first fact that fixed the attention of these inquirers was the recognition of innate ideas, — a source of truth and spiritual influence hidden in the depths of soul. A fact so expansive in its nature, and so important in its consequences, filled the whole of their field of vision. They thus found that the whole of one side of the soul of man lay open to the Spiritual and the Ideal. This was the source of those ideas that are not of earth, earthy, — not of matter, material, but which transcend the outward world, and are beyond its power to give, — the ideas of the Infinite, the Eternal, the Absolute, the Necessary. They thus became acquainted with entities that have no relation to time, and place, and condition. They saw that God must be of this nature, or else they had found a greater than He. They saw, too, that there were essences that sustain no relation to quantity and number. Quantity, number, time, place, all belong to matter, but have no application to the eternal verities of God. Taking these for their point of departure, they come to a One, — the Essence of all things, — eternal, immutable, indivisible, excluding all idea of duality and plurality, of infinite attributes, and perfect in each, existing in its wholeness and entirety in each and every point of space, at any and every moment of time.

Pantheism in philosophy and religion in general is Rationalism in Christianity. This system is the result arrived at by all who take eternal and necessary ideas for their point of departure. By holding to a unity of essence, underlying as the basis all the diversities of things existent in nature, it rejects the doctrine of the Trinity, not like Unitarianism, by denying it, but by making an omni-unity,—not a three-in-one, but an all-in-one. Christ differs from other men only in degree, and the miracles he wrought differ from other men's acts, only as he differs from them. He is to other religious teachers, to Moses, Zoroaster, Socrates, Confucius, — what Shakspeare is to other poets, Phidias to sculptors, or Cuvier to naturalists; his relative superiority indeed being far greater than theirs.

Holding as they do to but one essence of all things,

which essence is God, Pantheists must deny the existence of essential evil. All evil is negative, — it is imperfection, non-growth. It is not essential but modal. Of course there can be no such thing as hereditary sin, — a tendency positively sinful in the soul. Sin is not a wilful transgression of a righteous law, but the difficulty and obstruction which the Infinite meets with in entering into the finite. Regeneration is nothing but an ingress of God into the soul, before which sin disappears as darkness before the rising sun. Pantheists hold also to the atonement, or at-one-ment between the soul and God. This is strictly a unity or oneness of essence, to be brought about by the incarnation of the spirit of God, which is going on in us as we grow in holiness. As we grow wise, just, and pure, — in a word, holy, — we grow to be one with Him in mode, as we always were in essence. This atonement is effected by Christ, only in as far as he taught the manner in which it was to be accomplished more fully than any other, and gave us a better illustration of the method and result in his own person than any one else that has ever lived.

Such is the theology which those who believe in innate ideas arrive at, if they take those ideas as their point of departure. This system, as well as the Unitarian, and, indeed, almost all systems, appears naked and lifeless in a scientific statement. As systems, they have but little, if any, power.

The introduction of a spiritual philosophy into our community was, however, an incalculable good. The movement of Unitarians in favor of freedom and toleration had prepared a field for it. Their theology was a comparatively unimportant affair, and we think is destined to give place to another gradually, and perhaps imperceptibly to all except the closest observers. This will take place so soon as the object upon which their attention was at first mainly fixed, namely, freedom and toleration, shall have been made so secure as to allow their best minds to direct the full activity of their energies to this matter. We predict that the Unitarians of New England will be known in church history, not so much as reformers in theology, as in the character of champions for the rights of the soul, and advocates of investigation and progress. They prepared the way for the introduction of a better philosophy; which in

its turn will, if we mistake not, introduce a better theology. So soon as familiarity with the spiritual philosophy will allow all of its parts to assume their just proportions in their minds, the theologians will take sin, which seems to be one of the most prominent and obvious facts in the universe, as their point of departure; and then, relying upon the law of unity, which rules all minds to some extent, we predict Trinitarianism as the result.

The one object and aim, in which all theological systems and all religious culture centre, is the extermination of evil, — the great fact that everywhere stares us in the face, when we look abroad upon the world. It is natural, therefore, to ask in the outset, what is evil? To this question each of the three theological systems gives an answer, so different from those of the other two, as to modify every other part of its system, and the measures and efforts to which it tends. We have already said that the peculiarity of the Trinitarian system is, that it takes the spiritual philosophy as its guide and interpreter, and the fact of evil or sin as its point of departure. To get rid of evil is the problem; it is therefore necessary to a right solution, that one should have a definite notion of what evil is, — and one that is correct too; at least it must be correct so far as the purposes of this problem are concerned. The development of the Trinitarian theory should therefore be preceded by a disquisition upon the nature of evil. This theory assumes it to be something positive. A question might be raised between the Trinitarian and the Pantheist, in which the Unitarian can have no part or interest, whether evil be essential or modal. But the answer has no bearing upon our present purpose. The Pantheist, by acknowledging but one essence of all things, must necessarily make that one essence homogeneous and good; and by ascribing, as he necessarily does, all causality to that one essence, which is God, he must deny not only that evil is essential, and this the Trinitarian may concede, but he must also deny that it is positive, which it must be to be causal. This the Trinitarian must maintain, and here join issue with the Pantheist. We do not propose to argue this question here. With the Pantheist evil is negative, like cold and dark; being negative, — nothing, — it can do nothing, it can make no resistance to good, and it

cannot influence the will and lead man to sin. Good can act upon the will. Love, Justice, Truth influence the will, and move us to do good. There is the day and the warm summer of life. When they cease to act there is sin, the winter of life, in which nothing can grow, the night without aurora or stars, in which no beauty can be seen. The Trinitarian says that evil is as causal as good. When good is absent the mind is not left vacant; the will is not left uninfluenced, but evil is present with us. Hate, for instance, is as influential upon the will to lead us to sin, as love is to lead us to good. You may say, if you please, that hate and love are essentially one and the same, different only in form. This is quite possible and even probable. The position has much, which if not decisive, is very weighty, in its favor. Thus it is impossible for one to hate that which under other circumstances he could not love; and the bitterness of one's hate is measured by the ardor with which he would love that same object or person under other circumstances. These considerations go far to show that hate and love are only different forms of the same essential feeling. Hate is only inverted love. Still, if it be so, the Trinitarian will maintain, this inversion takes place in the feeling before it comes into the consciousness, and consequently before it comes under the influence of the will; so that in relation to our actions, — our outward moral character, it is the same as though hate were in its essence different from love. Self-love, hate, lust, arise from those unexplored depths where the light of consciousness never shone, and where the influence of the will never extended. They come up behind the will, like an enemy from the dark, and force it into their service. You may explain the nature of these enemies as you please, their extensive control over the will is as certain as any fact of psychology.

These three views of evil can now be seen at a glance. The Unitarian denies that there is any such region from which influences, good or bad, may come up behind consciousness and the will. All actions, good and bad, issue from the will, and originate in the consciousness. One wills to love, and thereupon he loves. One wishes to weep, or repent and love God; he sets himself about it, and grief, repentance, and love to God ensue. Hence men are born free from sin, and the will is unbiassed and uncon-

strained in its choice of good or evil. The other two systems maintain that freewill is not the only source of influence, nor the only agent in forming the character. Its warp is spun and laid by God himself, and the woof only is the work of freewill. They agree in acknowledging a backdoor to the soul, through which messengers may come and go unperceived. The Pantheist says that through this door God sends his angels on messages of holy influence. Thereby enter love, hope, faith, truth. But the Trinitarian says that the Devil has discovered this private entrance, and comes in also with his foul and pestilential breath, bringing with him the servants of hell, — death, fear, envy, hate, lust, self-love, and all the train of ills that desolate the earth. In short, the Unitarian says that every act originates in freedom and from the will. The other two systems acknowledge the agency and influence of the will, but hold also to an influence exerted upon it, which originates behind consciousness, and biasses, and in some cases entirely controls the will. The Pantheist holds that these influences are good, and good only, while the Trinitarian holds that they are both good and evil. With the Unitarian, holiness consists in choosing the good; with the Pantheist it consists in submitting the will wholly and entirely to these divine influences. But the Trinitarian holds with the Unitarian, that holiness consists in choosing the good; and with the Pantheist, that it requires submission of the will wholly to the good influences, both of which man can do of himself; — and still further he holds, that it implies not only a resistance to the evil influences, but it also implies a freedom from them. This freedom man cannot of himself effect. This is the work of Christ. The Holy Spirit may enter to lead us unto Christ, for no one can so much as call Jesus Lord, but by the Holy Spirit; and none can come to the Father but through the Son. "If," says the Trinitarian, "we can always choose the good, — which is all that the Unitarian scheme requires, — and if we can always submit ourselves to the Holy Spirit, — which is all that Pantheism requires, — still the work is not done. We may have obeyed the law, and we may not have resisted the Holy Spirit; but we are not beyond temptation; we are not beyond the possibility of sinning. Though we may so choose, and so control our words and actions, that we never

do or say anything that is not kind and benevolent, still we find it quite beyond our power to keep ourselves wholly from feelings, which, unresisted, would lead us to be unkind and selfish. There will still be a fountain of evil within us; and, although we may possibly dam the current that flows from it, so that nothing wrong shall appear in our conduct, we can never remove the fountain itself. But this must be done; else our wills must run counter to the will of God, and we cannot be at one with Him."

Such is the Trinitarian view of evil. It is not our object here to prove it either true or false. We only seek to know what it is, that so we may have the point from which they take their departure, — the stand-point from which their system may be fairly seen and rightly understood. The fact, that there is this current setting towards evil in the human heart, — that every one is born into the world with a fountain of sin and corruption welling up in his soul, and to all appearance forming a part of it, is all that is necessary to the Trinitarian scheme. Other questions arise, and will be differently answered by different persons. But the discussion of these questions belongs to another place. The spiritual philosophy, by removing the enclosures that sunder soul from soul, and make a common humanity impossible, removes the difficulty lying in the way of the doctrine, that this common humanity, which is the basis and substratum of all individual souls, might have been not only represented by, but actually and substantially, embodied in Adam; and that as our bodies were formed from his and partook of the diseases that were in it, so also our souls are formed of the essence of his. On this supposition, the corruption he introduced into his soul by transgression was introduced into all humanity, and in so far as each of us partakes of humanity we partake of this corruption. Divisions and enclosures which make many of one belong to matter. Spirit knows them not. Hence there is no presumption against the Adamic theory of the origin of sin. But the universal prevalence of sinful practices among the children of men seems to indicate a cause coextensive with the effect. A cause that resides in all men must reside in that which is common to them all. This is what we call humanity or human nature. It cannot reside in the freewill, for in that case its manifes-

tation would be contingent. For if all men are unbiassed and free to do or not to do a thing, we cannot suppose that all, without a single exception, would do it. If then all men commit sin, the inference is, that there is a tendency spontaneously active in every soul. — a tendency behind the will and prior to its activity. If it be not in the soul at the soul's birth, then it is born in the soul afterwards, and in either case we are entitled to call it innate depravity. It is not necessarily total, nor is it equal in all individuals. Its extent is to be ascertained by an examination of each individual case.

Now as this sinful nature is situated in the soul, behind the will, and must pass through, be augmented, restrained, or modified by the will on its way into activity, it is beyond the power of man to remove it. There must be some supernatural aid. This aid is found in Christ. Christ therefore cannot be a mere man. What then is he? He that made human nature can change it, and he only. This change is as much an act of supernatural agency as creation. Christ appeared in the world exercising the same power over material nature that was exercised over it at its creation. To call a dead man back into life is an act akin in its nature to the calling of the soul into a new body. So Christ's influence upon the soul is like to that of its creation. Was Christ then divine, one with God? We will not ask if he be *equal* with God, for that would imply a diversity of essence. But was he one with God, the same in essence and in power?

We have seen that the spiritual philosophy, by denying a human personality to God, removes all antecedent objection to this doctrine. To deny the personality of God, is to deny that He, being a spirit, sustains any relation to quantity, number, time, or space. It is not to deny that God is a free, self-determining, intelligent, self-conscious agent. God is one and not many. He is a unity, which is in its very nature indivisible. He is spirit. Now spirit, even in the chemical sense of the word, from which it is not unlikely that the other sense is derived, is not spoken of as subject to the relations of number. We speak of two bodies of water, two quantities of oxygen; but never of two waters or two oxygens. The names of fluids admit of no plural in grammar. There may be

many quantities or bodies, but not two fluids of the same kind. Now take away from a fluid, water, for instance, its extension, which is purely a property of matter, and you will destroy its relation to quantity, more and less. It then escapes our power of conception, but does not therefore become nothing. We have an idea of it still. By the same process it loses its relation to place. We can predicate things of it which we could not before. Thus I say of my blood, which sustains no relation to number, that it is in my hand, in my foot, and in my head, at one and the same time. Take away its extension, out of which grow its relations to quantity and place, and I should mean by it, as I cannot now, *all* of it, because in that case it would be indivisible, and I should never have an idea of a part in contradistinction from the whole. I should say that it, in its perfect unbroken wholeness and entirety, was in my hand, in my foot, and in my head, at one and the same time. Now it is said of Christ, that the fulness of the Godhead dwelt in him bodily, and if he had nothing in his nature heterogeneous to the divine nature, — nothing but sin is so, — then we may say of him that he is God. But unity is indivisible. While God is in his fulness and perfectness in Christ, he is not therefore absent from any other part or point of the universe. But, as in Christ there was no sin nor imperfection, but pure, free, unobstructed divinity, and as the divine unity is incapable of division or plurality, so he was very God. As it is one thing to create us, and another to guide us and lead us to Christ, through whom we have salvation and "justification from all that from which we could not be justified by the law of Moses," or any other law, so a third agent is found necessary to guide us and lead us to Christ. This is called the Holy Spirit. Hence a Trinity. The influence of the Holy Spirit is general, anterior to, and in a sense independent of, the will. It leads us to Christ. The influence of Christ is special, and contingent upon the election of the individual will subject to the influence.

The necessity for regeneration grows out of the fact of a sinful nature, as the common ground and cause of sinful actions. The sin that men commit indicates a sinful nature, as clearly as the poetry they write indicates a poetic nature. The only way to make men secure against com-

mitting more sin, is to purge them from this sinful nature. Hence regeneration, to be complete and adequate to the necessity of the case, must be a change of nature, a radical change, though not necessarily a total one. Man must come to love God and his neighbor instead of the world and himself. His love which proceeds not from the will, but from a nature behind the will, must be changed. This must be done by a supernatural agent.

Being thus led by the Spirit of God to Christ, that we may have righteousness and holiness through him, we cease (gradually) to be influenced by those passions and appetites which had before led us to commit sin. We cease to live, and Christ liveth in us; so that we are saved not by our own righteousness, but by the righteousness of Christ living in us. We are justified by his faith. He by taking our nature upon him, and living in us, has fulfilled for us all righteousness, and wrought our salvation and acceptance with God, not out of us, but within us. Being purged from sin by him, we are brought to be one with the Father, even as he was one with him, and the atonement is made.

This, we believe, is a development of all the essential points of Trinitarianism, from sin as a point of departure, and the spiritual philosophy as the interpreter. We have entered thus into an examination of the three systems, to find data for a calculation of what is to be. Unitarianism, having often come up in the church, and been repudiated by it, is found to be contained in Trinitarianism. We regard it as the result of an attempt to explain Christianity by the sensual philosophy, instigated by a desire to get rid of mystery, and make everything clear and simple. If this philosophy is not true to psychology, then its interpretations of Christianity are wrong, and the soul is against them, and will finally triumph. We cannot enter into a general discussion of Unitarianism in a psychological view. Paul speaks of a "spiritual discernment" of things, which cannot well be a function of any one of the five senses. What is communion with the Holy Spirit? talking *to* him? or intercourse *with* him? Whence come the joy and peace in believing? through the five senses, or any one of them? By what avenue is that "manifestation of the Spirit given to every man to profit with," made, the

eye, or the ear? We might put many other like questions, and should perhaps put them, if it would not seem to imply that we supposed Unitarians among us do actually adopt the system in all of its details. But let it be understood that we speak of Unitarianism as a theory, and not of the views that one and another man or any body of men actually hold. This is also true of what we have said of other systems. Probably no person holds either of them in all of its logical connexions, and unmingled with the others. Still the theory to which a man's leading views belong exerts a great influence over the success of his efforts, through the domineering influence of the love of unity. He, who says anything that does not grow out of his theory, finds his efforts comparatively powerless. The fates seem to be against him. His inconsistency is felt by, and influences many, who cannot tell what has affected them.

The fact, that Pantheism has so seldom appeared and made so little figure in the church, leaves us but slight room to expect that it will or can prevail to any extent. It is congenial as a system only to minds that are of a rare and peculiar cast. It has but little to recommend it, and promote its introduction to popular favor and reception, except its own intrinsic merits. Creative geniuses, who are always inclined to this view of things, are very rare, and seldom or never have any taste for systems as such. Common minds will materialize it, and then it becomes Atheism. The Pantheistic views of prayer and religious duty are too refined for the uneducated laboring classes, and too subtle and evanescent for the matter-of-fact business men, — the merchants, physicians, and lawyers. We speak, of course, generally; being well aware of the many exceptions to what we say. We know, too, that there is much in the system, which, when stated in glowing poetic language is very inspiring to the reader or hearer. Still we cannot think it possible that it should ever be the popular faith. It does not declare itself to be essential to the salvation of men's souls; and a system that does not do this with some show of plausibility, will receive but little attention from this busy self-seeking age. It says sin is an imperfection or non-growth; and if it is no more than this, men will not feel that it is a very bad thing after all. It

can never make them more unhappy than it does now; and if all other causes of unhappiness were removed, they think they should be about as happy as they desire. This reasoning, we admit, is purely selfish; but if we mistake not, it is such as men will adopt. There will always be a few to whom Pantheism will be congenial, and who, while the popular theology may be what it now is, will advocate it. But it seems to us that it can never prevail.

The question then is between Unitarianism and Trinitarianism. We incline to give a verdict for the latter. But let it be borne in mind, that by Trinitarianism we do not understand the doctrines and practices of the Orthodox Church, as that Church now is. The Orthodox Church, in order to succeed, or even sustain itself, must allow greater liberty to individual conscience, and encourage greater freedom of inquiry than heretofore; and finally, which is more than all the rest, it must apply the spiritual philosophy, as some of its members are beginning to do, to the interpretation and explanation of its dogmas. Else these are a mass of absurdity and contradiction; and the prop upon which they have hitherto rested, — textual authority, — is fast falling away. A few years ago it was enough to quote a few texts from any part of the Bible indiscriminately, which had been so explained as to tell in favor of a position, and however inconsistent or absurd that position might be, the objector was silenced by the declaration that it was a sin to question the word of God, — to put carnal reason above revelation. No intelligent Orthodox man would do so now. In a controversy, instead of wholesale quotations from Scripture, as in the case of Stuart's reply to Channing, he would attempt to show the reasonableness and consistency of his doctrine. The appeal would not be to the letter of Scripture, but to reason and common sense. The Orthodox must prepare themselves for this trial, both in respect to their doctrines and church-discipline. Their discipline must be reasonable, Christian. Their doctrines they must explain and [illegible] by a higher philosophy than they have generally [illegible] all they do this? We cannot answer for them. [illegible] they will. If not, the vineyard will be taken from them and given to other servants, who will render its fruits in due season.

It is not an easy matter to speak of the prospects of the

Unitarian body as it exists now amongst us. They have, in several respects, incalculable advantages over Trinitarians. They have taken the position of reformers; and they have effected a glorious reform in church-government, and in the management of ecclesiastical affairs. They have made a great movement too in favor of freedom of inquiry, and thoroughness and fearlessness of investigation; and now, like the witch of Endor, they seem terrified at the spirit they have called up. This would seem to indicate that the movement in favor of freedom and liberality was not the offspring of pure, disinterested love of truth and principle. They were oppressed by the existent state of things, and sought a better. There was nothing radical intended in the movement. It was made from convenience, rather than from a clear insight into, and a disinterested love of, first principles. What was their watchword? What spell would most move the souls of their hearers and readers? The Divine Unity? The Humanity of Christ? or any one of their theological doctrines? No; but liberty to the individual conscience, freedom of inquiry, and the encouragement of sound morality and good works. Now the encouragement of sound morality and good works is not the exclusive property of Unitarianism. It belongs equally to the various Trinitarian systems. Nay, it comes with more force and effect from them than from the Unitarians. But of what value are liberty of conscience and freedom for inquiring minds, *as ends*? Of none whatever. They are privileges and conditions by which we may do something; and as such they are invaluable. But unless we have something to do, and intend to do it too, they are worth nothing. We should therefore have much more hope of the ultimate success of those engaged in this movement, if they had made a distinct statement of the thing they intended to do, and in all their efforts for freedom and liberality, regarded them as only the means to some ulterior end, upon which they were intent. This would have given them greater earnestness and zeal. It would have called a more effective class of minds to their service. It would have awakened a greater enthusiasm in the congregations they address. The mass of the people felt none of those evils of which they complained, and by which they were moved to attempt a reformation. These

evils were felt by only a comparatively small and peculiarly situated class; and they only responded to the call. Hence the fact, that may be seen in almost any country village, where there is a Unitarian society, that the most wealthy, the most refined, the most highly educated, according to the standards of this world, belong, as a general thing, to that communion.

This fact, so far from being a source of encouragement, as it is generally considered, appears to us to be a source of discouragement. These same persons, of whom the boast is made, are not the class most given to religious enthusiasm. They are good, exemplary, well-meaning men; they are very benevolent and liberal in their contributions for the support of public worship, or of any other public good. But they are not the stuff that reformers are made of. We certainly would not accuse them of a want of feeling; but we would say that they are cool, deliberate, sound, practical men; nowise inclined to fanaticism. Now any religious movement, whether in the Church or out of it, from Moses until to-day, has owed its success mainly to something, which, if it be not fanaticism itself, has been so very like to it, that it has been called by that name by all contemporaries who did not sympathize with it. Now we say that these men, who form the body and substance of the Unitarian denomination, honest, respectable, useful, and worthy men as they are, are precisely the class that have always been found least inclined to devote themselves and all they have, so entirely and so unreservedly to the promotion of any social or religious reform, as is necessary to secure its success and triumph. These men then will not do the work. Will they countenance and support others in doing it? We hardly think they will. They have no taste for that particular kind of zeal and earnestness, that the cause requires. They will find fault, as in some cases it has already happened, that the preacher is a little too orthodox, when he approaches the orthodox only in point of zeal and earnestness.

The Unitarians, dissatisfied with the absurdities and contradictions in the popular faith, which were dignified and protected by the sacred name of mysteries, endeavored to make their system simple and intelligible to all. We cannot but think that in this they have gone a little too far.

If religion be nothing more than a statement of a man's duties to God, himself, and his neighbor, then clearly there can be no mysteries in it; and we may say with Foster, "that where mystery begins religion ends." Many minds may be satisfied with such a religion, but we hardly believe that they were intended for guides and teachers to the people. If so, many in every congregation will know more than their teachers. They will see things that are mysteries, and of which such a preacher can give no satisfactory solution. Perhaps he cannot even see the difficulty at all. If he deny that it is any part of religion to enlighten men upon such points, then the inquirers will feel that there must be a something above religion. A religion that is perfectly plain, and clear, and intelligible, will not satisfy such souls; and they have but little sympathy for or interest in a sect that does not, as they are obliged to do, bow itself in humble reverence before the inexplicable. They have no confidence in the solutions given by those who see no mysteries nor difficulties, until they are pointed out to them by somebody else. They see that Unitarians make Christianity too plain, — plainer than from the very nature of the case it can possibly be; and they feel that this must be done by overlooking or denying the great facts which are either to be explained or believed as mysteries. Now it happens that this is precisely the class of minds that have most of the Promethean fire, and that are the most efficient as writers and speakers. Such men, if they are now engaged in the Unitarian movement at all, as doubtless many of them are, are so not from a love of their theology, but because they consider it the cause of freedom and humanity.

There is, moreover, a degree of religious experience that Unitarianism fails to satisfy. We will not say how genuine it may be; we only refer to the fact that it exists, and that too to a great extent. How common is the remark made by Trinitarians, that they hear from the Unitarians good moral essays, splendid literary performances, but no Christianity, no religion. In other words, the preaching of Unitarians does not satisfy their religious feelings and experience. These feelings may all be morbid and extravagant; but they exist, and oppose the progress of Unitarianism. The most ardent and enthusiastic, so long as they

feel no particular interest in religion, except as a promoter of good morals, and as a means of keeping the state in order, go to the Unitarian churches, and are satisfied for a while. They have no wants that are not satisfied, no feelings that are not met. While they are in this state there is much to attach them to this denomination. But no sooner are their religious feelings excited, than they go to their church hungering and thirsting for the bread of life, and receive the cold injunction, "go and be fed." They go; and some one else feeds them, and gathers them into his fold. There is usually a reaction in favor of the Unitarians, after the excitement is over. But the Trinitarians prosper when religious feeling is the highest; and the Unitarians after the excitement is passed. In such case, action and reaction are never equal in their final results. Such things are, and always have been, in the church. It does not answer the purpose to call them extravagant and mad, or to apply to them any other opprobrious epithet. The church should be the nursing mother to such spirits, and, even if it does not approve of such tumultuous outbreakings of the religious feelings, it must treat those subject to them with tenderness and respect, and show them that within her ample folds there is room enough for every variety and manifestation of the spirit.

To these discouragements we must add another, and we hardly know by what name to designate it. Perhaps it might be said that Unitarianism is too intellectual, too argumentative and explanatory; that it addresses itself too much to the intellect. It preaches good morals, it labors hard upon the evidences. We believe that a very great portion of the printed sermons of that denomination consists of attempts to prove what other denominations wisely take for granted, or to explain what others believe without an attempt to explain. Thus, while Unitarians are laboring to build up the faith, they are unconsciously pandering to the spirit of infidelity. They are explaining away what the infidels object to; or at least trying to see if they cannot interpret Christianity, so that the objectors will consent to receive it. They are attempting to convince doubters by arguments that must fall powerless upon the doubting mind. They are trying to make Christianity intelligible to the unregenerate, while they seem to have forgotten that

"the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, *because* they are spiritually discerned." We cannot but think that it is a wiser and more successful course, even when the object is to prove a doctrine to be true, to assume it in the outset to be true, and by treating it as true beyond a doubt, produce the feeling that it is so in the hearts of those who listen. One will convince an audience of doubters of the existence of God, much quicker, and produce a much more permanent conviction, by awakening their feelings, so that they shall feel him stirring and moving in their inmost hearts, than he can by the most logical and best constructed argument coldly addressed to the understanding. A preacher will much sooner bring his hearers to an understanding of Christianity, by assuming it to be true, and then proceeding to urge upon them the repentance and religious discipline it requires, than he will by making use of the most ingenious explanations and the most happy and striking illustrations.

The last discouraging circumstance that we will mention, and by far the greatest, is one of those we brought against Pantheism; namely, that it does not declare itself to be necessary to the salvation of man. Systems, like men, must convince the world of their own importance, or they will be neglected. If the Unitarian preacher tells his congregation that regeneration and a religious life are necessary to salvation, the system that he adopts contradicts him while he is saying so. Sin, it says, is a mistake, tremendous in its consequences, but it can be avoided by more light and a firmer resolution. This is quite a different thing from telling one's hearers that they have the poison in the very essence of their souls; and that, unless it be washed out by some supernatural aid, they are forever lost.

The Unitarian would convince us that our deeds are wrong. But we do not believe that any one ever became truly religious, without having felt, not only that his deeds were wrong, but that he, in his self-most self, was wrong; that he needed not only to *do* better, but *to be made* better. If so, then the doctrine of depravity is one that is found in the course of religious experience to be a most solemn and humiliating truth. We need not call it *total* depravity. Neither need it be so preached, as to discour-

age effort, or make one despair of salvation. But we do think that it must be felt to be true, before one can be truly a Christian. We have not the least doubt that it has been felt to be true, by the great mass of those who are now members of Unitarian churches. Yet if one were to ask them if they believed in the doctrine of depravity, they would say no; and truly; for they would have in their minds not the true doctrine, but the exaggerated view of it held forth by the popular Orthodox theology. If then this doctrine has been felt to be true by the most religious of the denomination, why should they not receive it into their theology, and profess to the world that they believe it? We think they will; but at present they are, as they have hitherto been, prevented, in a great measure, no doubt, by certain speculative difficulties connected with it.

You may tell people, if you please, how beautiful or pleasant a thing it is to attend public worship, and lead a pure and religious life. But if the present pleasure of the thing is all that you can advance in its favor, we fear you will find people too intent upon other pleasures to give you much attention. You must make them feel that it is necessary; and we do not see how this can be done, without convincing them that there is a depravity of soul, of which all partake, and from which they cannot free themselves, — but from which they must be washed, or there is no salvation for them. This depravity needs not to be represented as a failure or thwarting of the divine purposes. Who can tell but what God designed it and introduced it into human nature, as a means of bringing it to a greater glory and happiness than it could otherwise be brought to; and provided in Christ a remedy from all eternity for this evil? In this case, the goodness of God is left untarnished; the heart is none the less humbled, and the dignity of human nature remains the same inspiring theme that it has ever been. But without a belief in depravity, you may convince people that religion is a good thing, and a pleasant thing, but you cannot convince them that it is necessary. Throw away this doctrine, and you throw away what gives the weight to your blow, — the momentum to your motion.

Unitarianism is sound, sober, good sense. But the moment a preacher rises to eloquence he rises out of his sys-

tem. What topics are there that belong to this system peculiarly, which are inspiring? Is there any one doctrine that is peculiar to Unitarian theology, and which serves to distinguish it from that of other denominations, which makes a man eloquent? Or rather does not each depend upon him for eloquence, to make it interesting and acceptable? Now a sect or party that would succeed, must have a leading and distinguishing idea that is inspiring, that gives eloquence, — a mouth and wisdom which no adversaries can either gainsay or resist. We say now that whatever inspiring topics the Unitarians have in their theology, they have in common with the Trinitarian denominations. The Universalists have the love of God, as shown in the final salvation of all men; the Orthodox have the depravity of man, and his salvation through Christ; but we look in vain for anything that the Unitarians have that can give eloquence, which other denominations have not also. Does one refer to the unity of God? Do not Trinitarians hold to it too? Besides, it is a truth that has but little to do with practical life, or the welfare of men.

We have spoken freely of the prospects of Unitarianism in the church. We are aware that we have represented these difficulties to be greater than they really are, *as they exist among us*. We repeat again, for we are anxious not to be misunderstood, that we have aimed to speak of Unitarianism and Unitarians in general, rather than of the particular Unitarians that live here in our midst, in New England. For them we have the highest respect; and we think we appreciate their labors and efforts as highly as any one can well do. Still we think their theology imperfect and inefficient. We think that in its principles and logical tendency, it is *allied* to the most barren of all systems. But we do not well see how, under all the circumstances of the case, it could have been much different. If we were situated as the pioneers in this movement were, and left to choose the course that we would pursue, we are not sure that we should have chosen a different one. We should have spoken loudly for freedom, and against the abuses and absurdities of the church, and of the popular theology. This we esteem a fair beginning; and now, having secured those ends, and cleared a way for our own theology, we would propose it and introduce it. The

theological views and the style of preaching of the Unitarian body among us, have changed very perceptibly within a few years. We think they will change more in as many years to come. No denomination stands on so good ground as it does. Free from creeds, free from church censure for heresy, professing a toleration for any opinion honestly held by any upright and conscientious man, and encouraging freedom of thought and inquiry, there is no measure of success too great to be hoped for its members, if they will adopt theological views that are lifegiving and spiritual, — if they will make their theology as good as, or rather the expression and statement of, their religious experience. It is much easier for them to do this, than for the Orthodox to breathe life into their dead formulas, and adopt that liberality and freedom without which no denomination can flourish in our age and country.

Perhaps what we expect is nothing more than would be *popularly* represented by saying, that the Unitarians must become more zealous and more deeply religious in their public teaching; that they must insist more upon the religious life; that they must preach from a deeper religious experience. This indeed would be a representation of the outer phase of the change we look for. But we are now seeking for the inner phase, — the change that takes place inwardly and not its outward appearance. We say then that they must have a deeper religious experience; or if they now have it, as we believe they have, they must allow it to have its legitimate influence upon their preaching and theology. This will effect the change we expect. And this surely will produce an approach towards the Trinitarianism we have described. Depravity, the Divinity of Christ, the Influence of the Holy Spirit, Election, Justification by Faith, will be facts of the religious life; not dogmas to be enforced upon the belief of the hearer, but the spontaneous and natural expressions of one's own experience.

While then we confidently expect this change in the theology of the Unitarians, we do not expect a return to scholastic or doctrinal preaching. The religious life, not the moral one, and the sanctification of the soul, will be the great topics dwelt upon. But these cannot be preach-

ed with much force without a recognition of the fact of depravity. Exhortation, without this, will be powerless. It is a fact of conscious experience. There may be, here and there, one so pure by nature as not to feel himself very depraved; but most people, we think, will recognise the truthfulness of the doctrine of depravity, when it is fairly stated. When this is admitted, all the rest follows, not as doctrine and science, but as life; not as something that the preacher is to insist upon, but as something that he may permit the members of his flock to say.

This system can, and probably will, embrace all that is good in the other two. It will embrace enough of Pantheism to recognise the presence and agency of God everywhere, — to take a lifeless nature from between God and the soul, and lay it open to his influences. It will also include all that is valuable in Unitarianism, properly so called, — the divine unity unbroken, the dignity of human nature, the example and sympathy of Jesus Christ, and a scrupulous attention to the outward life. Minds of all classes will then find themselves at home in the church. They will then find their duties explained and enforced, their hopes encouraged, their feelings interpreted and sympathized with, and their feeble aspirations directed to their proper object. Then will the divine idea of Christ be realized, and there will be founded upon him a church that shall be indeed a mother to the souls of men. No radical shall be so latitudinarian, as not to find the church broader than his most far-reaching thought; — no genius so aspiring, but it shall find the church lofty enough for all the creations of his fancy, and even towering with height on height far beyond them; — and no saint shall be so pious but that the church shall be more pious still.

But it will need great souls to be pillars in such an edifice; greater, we fear, than will find themselves at home or welcome in this unpropitious age. We would not complain of the age; but we must concede to those that do so, that it is not the mother of giants. The philosophy, the theology, the literature of an age, are the exponents of the greatness of the soul in that age, and of its general culture. Men may get together, calling themselves the heads of the church, and say such and such was the theology of the church in some palmy period, and therefore it shall be

now. But it is all in vain. Nothing real is ever thus effected by main force. Changes in the church and society come not of the flesh, neither by the will of man, but by the will of God. Let some General Assembly, or Convocation of the Clergy, resolve to remodel the church upon the theology of some more flourishing period; they may do it in form and in name, but not in reality. They are like David clothed in Saul's armor. They cannot carry it to the field, much less do battle when there. They would do better to go with their simple sling, and the five smooth stones, — truth, honesty, faith, hope, and charity. Any system, however liberal and generous it may be in itself, is contracted by its entrance into a narrow mind. It then loses its form and comeliness; and straightway all lofty and poetic souls become dissatisfied with it, and seek something nobler and more beautiful.

We had intended to say a word on the prospects of theological discussions and controversies, but our article has already reached such a length that we forbear.

DREAM.

"Mine eyes he closed; but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal sight." — *Paradise Lost.*

Where am I? Leaves and blossoms glittering,
Ancient shades and lofty trees
I have seen you, — when, — I know not.
How familiar is this breeze,
Bearing coolness, fragrance bearing
From that darkly wooded grot,
With the tinkling sound of water! —
O! I know thee, lovely spot!
Has my youth returned, or has it
Never left me, save in dreams? —
Matters not; since, warmly glowing,
Now, my heart is in its beams.
Now another dim foreboding
Draws me toward yon old gray wall,
Climbing o'er, I see a garden —
Yes! I'll soon discover all.

Something, yet but half-remembered,
Will not let me here remain;
Onward! Onward toward those loved ones,
My impatience grows a pain.
What a dreary time I've wasted!
How could I forget their love?
From my native Eden flying
Over Earth's cold mountains rove? —
In the twilight richly mingled
With the moonlight's purer ray,
Rise grey turrets veiled in misty
Colors both of night and day.
From the Gothic portal rush the
Blended floods of light and sound,
Up the marble steps I hasten,
Cross the terrace with a bound.
Now an ancient Hall I enter,
And at once an hundred eyes
Turn with friendly gaze of welcome,
And each voice this greeting cries, —
"Long expected! Welcome! Welcome!"
But no formal salutation
Brought these graceful, lordly figures
From their earnest occupation.
Some were seated, others standing,
Grouped together, or apart;
But One Interest seemed to fasten
In its chain each mind and heart.
From an unseen harp the surges
Rushed in long unbroken swell;
Every form was bathed in radiance,
Whence it came I could not tell.
As I look, some ancient story
Rises in my memory — No!
'T is my own past life which rises;
As the vapors backward go
I see plainly; — often, often
Have I met you, friendly Powers!
By your superhuman beauty
And your wondrous love, the hours
Of my infancy were nurtured,
And my childish mind was taught
Lessons of unearthly wisdom
From the purer regions brought.

Gracefully a girl steps forward
From behind a silver screen:
"*One* thou hast forgotten, Brother,
Her, our sister and our Queen;
Follow quickly." Quick I follow,
Laughingly she flies before,
Passing sculptured arch and portal,
High saloon and marble floor,

Galleries filled with stately plants,
Pouring streams of perfume round,
Terraces, where noble statues
Stand amid the flowery ground.

My guide has gone. I stand alone,
Solemnly the stars sweep by;
Hush! light footsteps strike my ear,
She has come. The faithful eye
Knows the form, the look, the motion
Stampt upon the inmost heart;
Dearest, loveliest, thus I clasp thee,
One warm kiss. But then we part,
For with timid haste she glides
Softly from my arms' embrace,
Full of love and maiden terror
Gazing upward in my face.
Those blue eyes, lid-shaded, trust me,
But the mouth is trembling still,
Blood-drops of a priceless value
The soft neck and bosom fill.
Now together we are seated,
Her small hands repose in mine,
While a million stars above us,
Blessing-showering, smile and shine.
Not by words our love is spoken,
Yet each feeling, every thought
By quick glance, and gentle pressure,
In electric chain is brought.
All things outward words may carry,
But the inmost heart is known
Only as the ringing harp-string
Wakes its slumbering brother-tone. —
Years pass by — and side by side
Still remain the lovers seated,
Years on years — or but a moment.
Not by periods time is meted
To the souls which, statue-like,
Are moulded by a single thought;
Passionless to all things outward,
Time and space to them are nought.

IDEALS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE. No. II.

HOME.

"And the house was filled with the odor of the ointment."—John xii. 3.

Beautiful and blessed was that house, the simple home of Mary and of Martha! more blessed in its unostentatious welcome of that divine pattern of humility, who was wont to sit and talk with them as a familiar friend, and by the kindling of heavenly thoughts remind them that here is Heaven, than in any thrift or splendor! More beautiful because of the simple and true hearts that dwelt together there, than it could be made by any adornments of fortune! Sublime in history and never to be forgotten is that obscure home, that one from among so many which share the common oblivion of dulness! And it does not borrow all its fame from its illustrious guest. It is probable that Jesus entered many houses, and was familiar with many circles of which we shall never hear. It is the life that was lived there that makes that home beautiful. The beautiful life of its inmates illumined that obscure abode, and invested it with an importance more lasting than any that ever lingered about a monarch's palace. The truest riches and comfort were theirs; for thoughts of heaven, sublime anticipations of the soul's destiny, and consciousness of God, were daily bread to them. There was the true abundance, the generosity which afforded more than economy thinks it possible to provide. Economy murmured; but sentiment poured out the precious ointment. Yes! Blessed was that home, in which more was expended upon sentiment than upon mere world's economy; in which a hint of the heart was listened to as readily as one of prudence or utility. There enthusiastic veneration could afford its offering, though it is probable that poverty had to provide. And the house was filled with the odor of the ointment which the affectionate Mary poured upon the feet of Jesus. It was but the emblem of the more lasting odor of the heavenly sentiment which inspired that act. We see what feelings

found a world in that house, what love, what faith, what veneration dwelt there and sanctified all things, and gilded with a holy sunlight of new associations those dull walls. The memory of that house is sweet with the fragrance of the virtues which there grew and blossomed. In the odor of that ointment it is embalmed forevermore. I would that more of that odor filled our comfortable dwellings, so that we might with more sincerity repeat the old saying; "Home is home, were it never so homely." I would that more of the true philosophy of indoor life were felt and practised; that more generous and far-seeing views of life might control the economy of the household; and that home might be the blessed meeting-place of happy and enlightened spirits, each a kingdom in itself, each made unspeakably richer in the love of the other, instead of a mere refuge of necessity, or a dull haunt of habit, or a whited sepulchre of show and fashion. Home should be heaven, — a consummation not entirely to be despaired of by any who are willing to be wise; and which fortune has less power to further or prevent than we are apt to think.

In attempting to show, therefore, how a higher beauty and interest may be added to life, in all its daily forms, home becomes an object more worthy of our study than any other. All reform begins at home. What a man's home is, his whole life will be, as a general rule. And the principles, the ideas, the plans, the motives, the hopes, and fears which govern him there, and constitute the atmosphere of his dwelling, will go out with him into all his intercourse and business. If all is well at home, we need not watch him in the market. If he is a true man there, he is a true man every where. If wise and prudent there, he will not need to be made any more a "man of the world." If he can succeed in redeeming life's most familiar scenes from dulness and unprofitableness, the world abroad will be all fresh and full of entertainment. If he be not a dull familiar stranger in his home, he will find himself at home wherever he goes. If there be independence of physical comforts, and abundance of mental, moral, and social resources in one's dwelling, there will be no unnecessary anxiety, no feverish hurry, no narrow drudgery in one's business abroad. One will work cheerfully for small profits, if he be rich in the love and society

of his home. If discontented there, he will be discontented everywhere. So long as the fire of love burns brightly on the domestic altar, he will not be frozen by the selfishness of the world.

Is there not room for great improvement in domestic economy, meaning by economy the law of the house, the art of living at home, (for that is the original and literal meaning of the term)? Such economy should be the beautiful harmony of all the interests of life, not the mere art of husbanding the physical means of life. It should be the wise controlling and moulding of circumstances to the higher and ultimate purposes and wants of the soul, not a system of petty shifts to provide against necessity. It should think as much of living wisely, as of getting a living. It guards against ignorance, dulness, drudgery, waste of time, waste of social opportunities, no less than against waste of money, flour, or fuel. Its object is, a happy home, — the realizing, with such resources as we have of our conception of highest good in actual familiar life.

Thus far I have been but dimly hinting and sketching by way of introduction a thought, which I will now endeavor to unfold more orderly. Our theme is Home; and our problem, how to make the most of Home in a rational, far-seeing, spiritual view of life. The subject is one of exceeding difficulty, more so than the inviting sound of the word would lead one to suspect. In attempting to hold up an ideal of a home; to explore the prevailing wants and mistakes, the overlooked or abused resources of home; and to correct the popular economy; it becomes me to speak with all diffidence, as wanting experience which many of my readers have. To suggest a perfect scheme, and guard it against all little practical difficulties, all friction, which might attend its operation, would be as idle, as it is to hope to make any improvement in this life without great effort and self-sacrifice. The most the teacher can do in any case is to suggest thoughts, provoke aspirations, and awake energy in others; he can no more think out their life-plan for them, than he can live their life. If for a moment he can start men out of the dull lethargy of habit, it is something. If he can remind them of their deepest, truest wants, it is a great deal! What one clearly wants, he will contrive to have.

The happiness and charm of Home of course depends upon the character of its inmates. Personal improvement is the secret of all social bliss. Without heavenly-mindedness there can be no heaven. That which sanctifies the temple, must bless the house. The house must be a temple. In proportion as the spirit of Christ has come to dwell within us, in the same proportion there will be light and beauty in our outward dwellings. The world is what we make it, glorious and inspiring, or empty and discouraging, according as motives, purposes, and views are spiritual or selfish; and home to every one is but the world in miniature. If you know a man's habitual view of life, you will find his home in every point unconsciously corresponding to it. If he believes the world is governed more by arbitrary power than by love, you will find him a petty tyrant among his own. If he have no faith, if he have never roused himself and learned to triumph over circumstances inwardly or outwardly, but in his habitual moods does practically acknowledge the supremacy of chance or fate, you will find his home a dull haunt of habit, where everything is passively governed by circumstances, and mind and character, the nobler aspirations, the enlightened will, have no control; you will find a house full of uneasiness without energy to help itself, alternating with intervals of dulness or tameness, not calmness, and hovering over all with gloomy outspread wing the genii of the place, necessity and want; for these ideas do virtually make men poor in the midst of fortune's abundance. But if if he have often felt the glow of Love, the strength and safety of Duty, and the rapture of world-piercing Faith, till he believes in a kingdom of heaven, in an infinite world unseen, some beams from that bright home will light upon the walls of this his earthly house, will play upon the happy faces gathered round the daily meal, will surround them with windows opening out upon most inviting infinite prospects, through which Father shall seem to smile in upon them, if he do not rather seem to sit at table with them. Wherever they turn they will meet God, and the mere earthly form will be transfigured, reflecting light from his invisible presence. If Beauty be the aspect under which he is most fond of contemplating the world; if to see and to make others see and to create beauty be one of his

habitual purposes, the Graces will hide themselves in his house, will leave tokens of their love in every corner, replenishing the vessels with fresh flowers, presiding silently and skilfully over every little arrangement, prompting and finding room for a free exercise of soul in every little shift of necessity, suffering nothing to grow old by familiarity, nothing to disturb by incongruity, lending fairy grace to the turbulent sports of children, softening noise into music, raising economy to the dignity of Art, and rounding the details of each day into a poem. Some certainly have approached near enough to this to see that it is not absurd; and fancy has its truth as well as worldly wisdom. Such then, is the power of an idea, when inwardly cherished, to modify and temper the whole atmosphere of one's life.

Let us now consider in order, beginning with the lowest, some of the ruling ideas which possess men, and mark the conformity of each one's home to his idea. This will disclose to us the true secret of domestic happiness.

I. The fault in most homes is the absence of all purpose, of any ideal conception of what life should be. Home with many is the mere result of habit, imitated from others, or dictated by circumstances, without the question ever being asked whether others were all-wise, and circumstances all-powerful, and whether it would not be worth the while to try to bend circumstances to our mind, and to improve the talent which we have received. The household economy and intercourse go on from day to day, without much thought or effort more than is prompted by the wants of nature. The wants of nature are their springs of action, which keep them from going to sleep; custom their rule which keeps all in a sort of order. These wants must be consulted, and the labor which they exact is in any case a blessing. And it is well that there should be customs, to do things for us by the force of habit, when we have no force of study and of will ourselves. But it is a scanty, barren life, which knows no other law, and explores no other resources. While we do everything from habit, we know not why; living together just so because we find ourselves together just so; doing things to-day because they were done yesterday; drudging without a purpose; sitting together with nothing to say; hurrying

through the work in hope of the meal, and hurrying through the meal in fear of the work, which is only preliminary to the next meal; toiling busily full of care to lay up an hour of quiet, — of quiet which, what with the weariness of past, what with the anxiety of coming care, dwindles away to nothing; letting little economies draw the mind wholly off from the contemplation of anything interesting and inspiring; neglecting the culture which alone can ensure to the mind the habit of self-occupying activity, to the senses their power of seeing and admiring the glories with which God has surrounded us; — while we limit ourselves to the cares of this world, solacing ourselves in view of the end with the dull creed of habit, to which we wistfully look with a vague expectation of deliverance when we shall get "the other side of flesh," but seeking no deliverance here, allowing ourselves no chance to realize that the kingdom of heaven is within us; — while our homes are but abiding-places, which it costs all our care to keep well warmed, well stored, well lighted, but otherwise barren of interest, homes for the body, not the mind, with the Bible on the shelf, regularly taken down and perused perhaps, not read, and the glorious earth and skies out at the window still with heavenly perseverance inviting us to a glorious feast of beauty, from which we turn senselessly away, and the whole spiritual world hidden in us and in our neighbors, but not revealed, because we dwell together familiarly, not intimately, and do not quicken each other into life; while this is all of it, what is home to us but a mere whereabouts, a more or less convenient retreat from life, instead of a retreat into life out of a noisy bustling world? While this is all the account to be given of home, who can say that he has even begun to make the most of life, or that in such a way of living there is much to choose between poverty and abundance, since neither can impart any clear, bracing quality to the dull atmosphere which we carry about with us? Let us not forget the natural ties which do not leave the feeblest, dullest child of want quite uninstructed in love, and therefore in the true idea of heaven. Let us respect the regular household economy, to which we all have grown up debtors, and which moreover teaches patience, prudence, industry; and imparts to the character the dig-

nity of responsibility. But is it not the principal charm of these natural ties, and the natural dependencies and kind offices and grateful memories which they call forth, that they reveal a spiritual end of life, that they animate the mind with the prospect of a higher good, of an unseen world of reality, as real as this outward world, and present with it so long as we seek to live in it? That they suggest an end, a something to live for, beyond our present actual attainment, and prompt us to make trial of enlightened methods suited to higher conceptions of the end to be reached by life instead of trusting wholly to the habit into which we fall by accident or early training? Does the business of serving one another, and seeking one another's comfort in all the little familiar ways of home, end there and look no farther forward? Does it not suggest the idea of mutual and of self-improvement, the adding of new worth to each other's lives, as well as the helping each other to live? The natural relations and affections are well; they leave no home without some charm; but they cannot be left to habit; they will not save and renovate a purposeless existence. And that wholesome economy without which no home can prosper, or even exist; — to what purpose does it train us to habits of order, if it be not to cherish in us a reverence for the heavenly order, obeying which our individual life unites itself in conscious harmony with all nature and all spirits and transcends its narrow limits of place and time? To what purpose does it teach us industry if it make us so pressingly busy, that our noblest faculties find nothing to do? Or why does it habituate us to the feeling of responsibility, if it never tell us why we are responsible, and what makes all these cares important? Are we responsible for nothing but the regular performance of our daily chores? Is nothing more intrusted to us? The cares of home, its laborious duties and confinements, its patient economies, are all good and necessary, and ought to cause no murmur. Let no one seek comfort in escape from care and toil. These, in themselves, are not what make so many homes unhappy. The evil is in difference, and dulness of the mind; tame acquiesence to mere want or habit, from a dull sense of necessity, and not from an enlightened, hopeful spirit of resignation. One toils only

because he must, still inwardly murmuring, or tamed to stupid submission; another toils, not only because he must, but also because he has a worthy and inspiring object of life in view, to the attainment of which he finds such labor indispensable; — the end dignifies the means, and he goes cheerfully about it. And this shall create a difference heaven-wide between two families, equal in outward means, equally restricted to economy and toil. It is the want of a life-plan, the want of a high purpose, the want of the spirit of improvement, the failure to put to one's self the first question; "What do we live for?" It is this which lets the stream of life creep on so sluggishly and turbidly in so many families. How many are keeping house with no purpose in the world, but because that is the way all the world do. It is this want of purpose, which makes economy a tyrant, toil weariness and drudgery, rest stupid, and meals unsocial. From this dulness of mind, this purposeless way of existing, economy has degenerated from a high and generous philosophy into a narrow and bigoted habit, and the word received its popular false and unworthy sense. A great deal of our economy, so called, defeats its own end. It saves money by wasting time, whereas time is life, and money only one of the means of life. In its dread of extravagance it makes most extravagant sacrifices; it throws away the germs of our truest happiness; it declines all aids to the culture of our noblest powers; it saves up the means of living, and forgets to learn the art of living; it piles up its bales and boxes right against the windows which let in the light of life; it professes to be preparing a place for us, while it occupies the whole of it itself with its own bricks and mortar, or tubs and brooms; it makes room for us by thrusting itself in the way; it provides what is necessary to live, but does not make it at all clear that it is necessary to live, unless life contain higher objects than economy conceives of; it is saving and bountiful in the matter of food, but if one chance to hunger and thirst after righteousness, knowledge, beauty, it has no time for such a thought and lets him starve. In its art of making a little go a great way, it only draws out the metal of life into a meagre wiry length, it does not increase its weight, it adds no value to its substance. It is afraid of anything which

can be called living. It grudges an hour of pleasure, which it would waste in unedifying, fruitless formalities of duty. It cannot afford books, schools, refinements of many kinds; but it can afford food enough, bustle, and fretting more than enough, and whole winter evenings full of dulness. Thus in many people's system of life, economy and education, as well as economy and true enjoyment, are set against each other as natural opposites. All this for want of an end in life, of an idea of some perfection of living to which every experience should be made to contribute. Our list of indispensables is greatly changed by a new and better idea of the object of life; and the old blind economy of custom then betrays many inconsistences and much sad waste.

Again. Such economy creates rebels against itself. So cheerless is its aspect, that some reject it altogether and grow shiftless. Often, too, it forgets itself, and loses the run of its own operations in the dulness of mind which it engenders. Drudgery or shiftlessness, one or the other, sometimes both, are the unfailing inmates and lawgivers in a family inspired by no idea of personal improvement.

But this is the least part. These effects are only negative. This is only neglecting to live well. Indifference, whether seen in the regular machine-work of economy, or in the slovenliness of the want thereof, is only indifference. But still we are by nature active beings; and the activity of the hands, and the stupor of idleness cannot wholly suppress the stirrings of deeper wants, the yearnings for nobler occupation! The pent-up restlessness of the soul, denied its exercise in our common-place, narrow forms of life, will still leak out, as it were, in innumerable petty vexations, angers, jealousies, and an ever-running sore of discontent. Much of your admirable economy, for instance, costs a great deal of scolding; and domestic order seems to be at the expense of domestic peace and love, and to drive out many a sunny smile.

Consider, too, when there is no spirit of improvement in domestic life, how the passions riot. The mind uncultured, unfurnished with intellectual resources, is poorly armed against little daily disappointments. Escaped from the regular restraint of custom and economy, which only tame but do not educate, the appetites rush to excess. If home

be not a sphere for moral self-improvement, if it be not a school, a temple, as well as a retreat and shelter, it will be made miserable by all the evil spirits of ignorance and self-love. It needs all the wealth of mind and heart and imagination, all the energies of the will, all the sensibilities of taste, all the arts and all the muses, all the wisdom of sages, all the visions of faith, above all, the spirit of Jesus, and the hourly offering up of a life to the Invisible Perfect One, to make a happy home. It needs these more than it needs fortune. If it be not a kingdom of heaven, it will be a kingdom of hell. Home is home only when it is the home of blessed spirits, like the home of Mary and of Martha, where the riches of the spirit made good the want of other riches; where a sentiment of the heart was reverenced more deeply than pedantic rules of household thrift; and where it was counted good economy to pour out costly ointment upon the Saviour's feet.

II. Not much better will his home be, who, not contented with merely getting along, thinks chiefly of getting up. With him the ruling idea is prosperity, success, comfort; and his maxim is utility, or "strive and thrive." Very well, as far as it goes. But the elements of sure and lasting happiness are not found in this system. It needs a better spirit, to make home a heaven. Here is, indeed, some spirit of improvement, which is better than shiftless acquiescence to mere necessity or custom. Here is the will to better one's condition, to increase one's resources, to make home a more comfortable place. But it overlooks the first requisites of happiness, in bestowing all this care upon the outward estate. Such a man commits the capital mistake of seeking only to improve the condition of his family, when he should seek their own improvement; of increasing their outward resources, when he should think more of unfolding the inward resources of the mind and heart; of securing comfort in the house, when perhaps character is much more wanting. He prays for blessings, and not for blessedness. He becomes absorbed in the love of gain. The toils and calculations of business occupy almost the whole of him, so that his own mind suffers, and his heart too, and his whole inward man, for want of profitable leisure and opportunities of free exercise of all his higher powers; his intellect gets disciplined in only

one very partial way, conversing only with one narrow range of subjects; his feelings soured or deadened by the anxieties, the severities, the questionable morals of a selfish system of trade into which he has let himself be hurried, blinding his eyes and steeling his heart; and he goes daily to his home, unfurnished for the task of instructing his children by his conversation, with no inspiration which he can impart to them; feeling that he has no time to attend to their minds and morals, and accustomed by his own pursuits to underrate, and either despise, or put off for want of time, all higher culture. Behold a prosperous, a comfortable home, but filled with most uncomfortable spirits. The dinner is most punctually and copiously and skilfully provided; but not the cheerfulness, the love, the peace of mind, the activity of thought, the readiness of observation and reply, which alone can lend a relish. Alas! there is no good dinner without good spirits; no feast without some flow of soul; no pleasure in each others' society without love. No wonder that the meal is hurried off, despatched in sullen silence, if not in a storm of petty irritations, complaints, and disputes. The evenings too are dull at home; or home is often deserted for the poor excitements of empty fashionable amusement. Business is overdriven with the prospect of prosperous leisure; and the occupation of leisure is the consumption thereof in any readiest and most senseless way. For what is time but so much life? and those who know not how to live must kill time. The habitual anxiety of this man's mind carries gloom into his home. He lets the goodly garden run to weeds, and all those flowers of paradise, the natural affections, droop as in a frost; the rainbow-colored beams of thought, the quick play of intellect and fancy, are wanting there. Such is too apt to be the home of the enterprising man of the world. Were it not, that there is sometimes a faithful angel there, whose heavenly patience, whose devoted love, whose pure forgetfulness of self in the thought of her children's welfare, whose piety and trust in God, with all the clearness of mind and energy of will with which such sentiments inspire the feeblest, whose whole influence sweetly pervading every part and every arrangement, creates a spell and a charm in the domestic sanctuary, which compel him, in spite of himself, to shake off the dust of world-

liness from his shoes when he enters,—there would be little comfort there, there would be little hope for those who are learning their earliest and most permanent habits and impressions there!

The passion for gain, I repeat it, is the poison of domestic happiness; and that too, when it often starts with the laudable desire of getting the means of making a happy home, with the feeling of obligation, imposed by conscience and by love, to support and elevate one's family, and place them in a favored and respectable relation with the world. All that trade and enterprise can manufacture or produce, all that wealth can buy, can never make good the want of inward, moral, and intellectual resources.

III. From the best home which worldly enterprise can make, turn now to another, less favored with fortune's abundance, but supplied with rich resources of a higher, surer, and more satisfactory kind. See what education can do. See the treasures of the mind brought out. See how the poor in this world's goods are sometimes rich in one another. The house and furniture are plain, but marked by taste and happy invention and arrangement; revealing many a token of the pleasant walk, the deep enjoyment of nature, while calm enthusiasm lifts the jaded soul out of the ruts and holes of daily care, and puts it in possession of itself, of its own freedom and immortal life. The space is small; but by the magic of great thoughts, of noble, quickening sentiments, read and conversed about and mused upon in the midst of busy duties, expanded to a boundless fairy-land. There may not be great store of luxuries, but there are books, wells of pleasure inexhaustible. There may not be excitements and gayeties, with which the great endeavor to forget themselves; but there are habits of mental activity, which never lets society grow dull, or the most familiar friends grow weary of one another. They draw upon the treasures of the mind, and find what worlds of wonders lie within them. They may not own the splendid decorations, the proud architecture, the costly works of Art which another's wealth can purchase; but they may have a cultivated taste, a sensibility to the charms of earth and sky, which they have only to step to the door or the window to see; or they are in the possession of some beautiful art,

like music or drawing, which gives them the key to all the glorious invisible, but no less real, halls and galleries of Beauty; and they can be delighted and inspired at home, as if the rapids of Niagara were leaping around them, or the glaciers of the Alps sparkling beneath them. They are without the advantages of colleges and of business which lies in the same direction with learning. But they are determined that scholars and professional characters shall not monopolize the treasures of the mind. The materials of the sublimest thoughts are open to them. Nature and the soul and God are never beyond their reach; but are always inviting them to angelic meditation and communion, if they are duly willing, and have the energy to put down the disturbing voices of appetite and passion, and to slip the reins of grovelling habit. The Bible is with them; and to them it is not a book occupying so many cubic inches of space on a shelf, and so many minutes of the day in the formal reading; but it is another world into which they enter, transported on the wings of thoughts and heavenly passions quickened by its words; it is a talisman in their midst which sheds a sweet, holy light around it, and making all the place and all their forms transfigured. The daily meal will be frugal, but seasoned to an exquisite zest by happy affections, happy thoughts, and endless variety of intellectual entertainment; not that there need be any pedantry or effort to talk wise; it only needs active minds which know how to feel free from care, free from jealousies, suspicions, and low fears, abundance of good feeling, sensibilities alive, and tastes refined, — and let them take care of themselves; they will without much forcing provide abundant entertainment and make the meal an hour of sweet society, a truly intellectual repast. Every new power which is cultivated, every new talent which is encouraged and kept in requisition in the bosom of a family, is so much reduction of the huge clouds of common-place and dulness which settle down upon us. Such a home is a fond retreat in the midst of a most interesting world, whither all minds from their own eager adventures, or enthusiastic walks with nature, or fruitful lessons of labor, or failure, or silent studies in the search of truth, resort to contribute all they have, and feel their treasures increased an hundred fold, like the loaves and fishes in the miracle,

by bringing them together. Multiply inward resources then, and you put the sense of poverty to flight; you reduce worldly desires to a reasonable moderation, and endow yourself with skill to compass any reasonable end, or turn any ordinary failure to good account. Home is not merely a place; nor is it enough that it be a comfortable place; it should be a school, a sphere for the exercise of our whole nature. If we want the true spirit of Home, then home is not a place any more than Heaven is. We are at home, where we are most in possession of ourselves; where we are most; where the activity of all our powers is best ensured. And ought not every one to be most in his home; shall he reserve his dullest and worst moods for that sacred place; shall he go out into the world for excitement, and make no provision for the mild and never-failing and satisfying excitement of conversation, of useful studies and employments, of refining arts and amusements, in his home? Shall he drown himself in business or politics all day abroad, only to drown himself in sleep at home? Shall he be worth less in the midst of his family than he is anywhere else? Shall the ignis-fatuus of money-making or of professional ambition withdraw, if not his affections, yet the presence of his affections from home, and leave the family altar desolate and cold?

I cannot but think that the progress of light and education in the world is to show one of its great results in this; to transport the theatre of ambition from the field of battle, from the senate and the popular assembly, from the mart of commerce, to the humbler sphere of home, and that heroism, more modest and unpretending, will find ample scope for enterprise in the daily duties, in warring with the hourly petty enemies which try one's virtue and temper, and whose name is legion, and in making one spot truly blest, instead of covering a nation with glory, instead of real blessings, like most heroes of renown. Reforming one's own little world is the way to reform the great world quickest. Then a man will feel that it is greater to surround himself with an intelligent and happy family, than to get rich and build a palace; that the education and love of his children is worth the sum total of all the fame of all the famous; and that the still influence of the Christian

mother is more sublime, more deeply felt, than that of the most courting and courted politician.

IV. But still we have not reached, except by way of chance allusions, the first and last condition, the key to all the other conditions, of a happy home. It is not shelter, it is not comfort, it is not prosperity, it is not knowledge, taste, refinement, which can make a happy home. It is not fortune, it is not education, which hold the keys to that kingdom of heaven. There is a greater than the merchant, the artist, or the scholar. The idea of necessity produces dulness. The idea of enterprise or of worldly success does not much more. The idea of self-improvement or refinement, if merely intellectual, creates more wants than it satisfies. Besides, neither of these ideas furnishes motive enough to keep the whole in action. Neither of these principles is so high, that all the faculties of the mind, all the plans and purposes of life, can serve it, and work harmoniously under it. We need Principle, in the broad sense of the term, which admits no plural number. We need the idea of Moral Perfection, of Right, of Duty, of God. Home must be not only a retreat, not only a school, but a temple. The worship of the Perfect Essence of Love, Truth, and Holiness, must pervade the economy and all the intercourse of home. The family must remember that they are God's children, and must look for light from above, for peace in obedience to the perfect rule of right, for society and union with one another in the love of that Being whom all can love, and yet feel nearer one another.

"Out of the heart are the issues of life." The currents of life flow into all our faculties, and revive all our drooping sensibilities and aspirations, only from the Source of Life, to which we have access only through the Moral. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Light from above must bathe our senses to keep them fresh and vigorous and cheerful. Knowledge and Science pall, and we dismiss them as empty things, unless they be inspired by Piety. Religion alone can exercise a genial fostering influence over mind and heart and imagination. She only can keep thought free and clear, imagination healthy; she alone can warm the feelings and nerve the will. She only can put us in possession of ourselves.

She only can make frank intercourse possible between us and our nearest friends. Our plan of life must be disinterested, or it will somewhere soon begin to thwart itself. Our highest interest must be beyond and above ourselves, or we cannot trust its leadings. The thought of moral perfection alone can give consistency and peace to our manifold strivings and feelings, — can bind up in beauty the petty or contradictory details of daily experience. It requires a love of something more than the world, to make us at home in the world.

D.

LISTEN TO THE WIND.

Ort do I pause amid this various life,
And ask me whence and to what end I be,
And how this world is, with its busy strife,
Till all seems new and marvellous to me.
The faces and the forms, which long had grown
Tedious and common to my wearied sense,
Seem in a moment changed to things unknown,
And I gaze at them with an awe intense;
But none do stop to wonder with me too,
So I pass on and mingle with the rest,
And quite forget the far and wondrous view
In glimpses shown, when mystery was my guest.
Yet, when I sit and prate of idle things
With idle men, the night wind's howl I hear,
And straight come back those dim, wild questionings,
Like ghosts who wander through a sense-bound sphere.

THE WIND AGAIN.

So wistfully the wind doth moan, —
What does it want of me?
It sweeps round the house with mournful tone,
As if it fain would flee
From its wide wanderings sad and lone; —
Come, woful wind — I will love thee!

Swiftly, swiftly the wind is blowing,
Wild wandering wind, where art thou going?
I know not where,
I go on forever,
I've no toil or care,
Yet rest I never.
Ah woful wind! thou art like me,
Dost thou not strive from thyself to flee?

LEILA.

"In a deep vision's intellectual scene."

I HAVE often but vainly attempted to record what I know of Leila. It is because she is a mystery, which can only be indicated by being reproduced. Had a Poet or Artist met her, each glance of her's would have suggested some form of beauty, for she is one of those rare beings who seem a key to all nature. Mostly those we know seem struggling for an individual existence. As the procession passes an observer like me, one seems a herald, another a basket-bearer, another swings a censer, and oft-times even priest and priestess suggest the ritual rather than the Divinity. Thinking of these men your mind dwells on the personalities at which they aim. But if you looked on Leila she was rather as the *fetiche* which to the mere eye almost featureless, to the thought of the pious wild man suggests all the elemental powers of nature, with their regulating powers of conscience and retribution. The eye resting on Leila's eye, felt that it never reached the heart. Not as with other men did you meet a look which you could define as one of displeasure, scrutiny, or tenderness. You could not turn away, carrying with you some distinct impression, but your glance became a gaze from a perception of a boundlessness, of depth below depth, which seemed to say "in this being (couldst thou but rightly apprehend it) is the clasp to the chain of nature." Most men, as they gazed on Leila were pained; they left her at last baffled and well-nigh angry. For most men are bound in sense, time, and thought. They shrink from the overflow of the infinite; they cannot a moment abide in the coldness of abstractions; the weight of an idea is too much for their lives. They cry, "O give me a form which I may clasp to the living breast, fuel for the altars of the heart, a weapon for the hand." And who can blame them; it is almost impossible for time to bear this sense of eternity. Only the Poet, who is so happily organized as continually to relieve himself by reproduction, can bear it without falling into a kind of madness. And men called Leila mad, because they felt she made them so. But I, Leila,

could look on thee; — to my restless spirit thou didst bring a kind of peace, for thou wert a bridge between me and the infinite; thou didst arrest the step, and the eye as the veil hanging before the Isis. Thy nature seemed large enough for boundless suggestion. I did not love thee, Leila, but the desire for love was soothed in thy presence. I would fain have been nourished by some of thy love, but all of it I felt was only for the all.

We grew up together with name and home and parentage. Yet Leila ever seemed to me a spirit under a mask, which she might throw off at any instant. That she did not, never dimmed my perception of the unreality of her existence among us. She *knows* all, and *is* nothing. She stays here, I suppose, as a reminder to man of the temporary nature of his limitations. For she ever transcends sex, age, state, and all the barriers behind which man entrenches himself from the assaults of Spirit. You look on her, and she is the clear blue sky, cold and distant as the Pole-star; suddenly this sky opens and flows forth a mysterious wind that bears with it your last thought beyond the verge of all expectation, all association. Again, she is the mild sunset, and puts you to rest on a love-couch of rosy sadness, when on the horizon swells up a mighty sea and rushes over you till you plunge on its waves, affrighted, delighted, quite freed from earth.

When I cannot look upon her living form, I avail myself of the art magic. At the hour of high moon, in the cold silent night, I seek the centre of the park. My daring is my vow, my resolve my spell. I am a conjurer, for Leila is the vasty deep. In the centre of the park, perfectly framed in by solemn oaks and pines, lies a little lake, oval, deep, and still it looks up steadily as an eye of earth should to the ever promising heavens which are so bounteous, and love us so, yet never give themselves to us. As that lake looks at Heaven, so look I on Leila. At night I look into the lake for Leila.

If I gaze steadily and in the singleness of prayer, she rises and walks on its depths. Then know I each night a part of her life; I know where she passes the midnight hours.

In the day she lives among men; she observes their deeds, and gives them what they want of her, justice or

love. She is unerring in speech or silence, for she is disinterested, a pure victim, bound to the altar's foot; God teaches her what to say.

In the night she wanders forth from her human investment, and travels amid those tribes, freer movers in the game of spirit and matter, to whom man is a supplement. I know not then whether she is what men call dreaming, but her life is true, full, and more single than by day.

I have seen her among the Sylphs' faint florescent forms that hang in the edges of life's rainbows. She is very fair, thus, Leila; and I catch, though edgewise, and sharp-gleaming as a sword, that bears down my sight, the peculiar light which she will be when she finds the haven of herself. But sudden is it, and whether king or queen, blue or yellow, I never can remember; for Leila is too deep a being to be known in smile or tear. Ever she passes sudden again from these hasty glories and tendernesses into the back-ground of being, and should she ever be detected it will be in the central secret of law. Breathless is my ecstasy as I pursue her in this region. I grasp to detain what I love, and swoon and wake and sigh again. On all such beauty transitoriness has set its seal. This sylph nature pierces through the smile of childhood. There is a moment of frail virginity on which it has set its seal, a silver star which may at any moment withdraw and leave a furrow on the brow it decked. Men watch these slender tapers which seem as if they would burn out next moment. They say that such purity is the seal of death. It is so; the condition of this ecstasy is, that it seems to die every moment, and even Leila has not force to die often; the electricity accumulates many days before the wild one comes, which leads to these sylph nights of tearful sweetness.

After one of these, I find her always to have retreated into the secret veins of earth. Then glows through her whole being the fire that so baffles men, as she walks on the surface of earth; the blood-red, heart's-blood-red of the carbuncle. She is, like it, her own light, and beats with the universal heart, with no care except to circulate as the vital fluid; it would seem waste then for her to rise to the surface. There in these secret veins of earth she thinks herself into fine gold, or aspires for her purest self,

till she interlaces the soil with veins of silver. She disdains not to retire upon herself in the iron ore. She knows that fires are preparing on upper earth to temper this sternness of her silent self. I venerate her through all this in awed silence. I wait upon her steps through the mines. I light my little torch and follow her through the caves where despair clings by the roof, as she trusts herself to the cold rushing torrents, which never saw the sun nor heard of the ocean. I know if she pauses, it will be to diamond her nature, transcending generations. Leila! thou hast never yet, I believe, penetrated to the central ices, nor felt the whole weight of earth. But thou searchest and searchest. Nothing is too cold, too heavy, nor too dark for the faith of the being whose love so late smiled and wept itself into the rainbow, and was the covenant of an only hope. Am I with thee on thy hours of deepest search? I think not, for still thou art an abyss to me, and the star which glitters at the bottom, often withdraws into newer darknesses. O draw me, Star, I fear not to follow; it is my eye and not my heart which is weak. Show thyself for longer spaces. Let me gaze myself into religion, then draw me down, — down.

As I have wished this, most suddenly Leila bursts up again in the fire. She greets the sweet moon with a smile so haughty, that the heavenly sky grows timid, and would draw back; but then remembering that the Earth also is planetary, and bound in one music with all its spheres, it leans down again and listens softly what this new, strange voice may mean. And it seems to mean wo, wo! for, as the deep thought bursts forth, it shakes the thoughts in which time was resting; the cities fall in ruins; the hills are rent asunder; and the fertile valleys ravaged with fire and water. Wo, wo! but the moon and stars smile denial, and the echo changes the sad, deep tone into divinest music. Wait thou, O Man, and walk over the hardened lava to fresh wonders. Let the chain be riven asunder; the gods will give a pearl to clasp it again.

Since these nights, Leila, Saint of Knowledge, I have been fearless, and utterly free. There are to me no requiems more, death is a name, and the darkest seeming hours sing Te Deum.

See with the word the form of earth transfused to stellar clearness, and the Angel Leila showers down on man balm and blessing. One downward glance from that God-filled eye, and violets clothe the most ungrateful soil, fruits smile healthful along the bituminous lake, and the thorn glows with a crown of amaranth. Descend, thou of the silver sandals, to thy weary son; turn hither that swan-guided car. Not mine but thine, Leila. The rivers of bliss flow forth at thy touch, and the shadow of sin falls separate from the form of light. Thou art now pure ministry, one arrow from the quiver of God; pierce to the centre of things, and slay Dagon for evermore. Then shall be no more sudden smiles, nor tears, nor searchings in secret caves, nor slow growths of centuries. But floating, hovering, brooding, strong-winged bliss shall fill eternity, roots shall not be clogged with earth, but God blossom into himself for evermore.

Straight at the wish the arrows divine of my Leila ceased to pierce. Love retired back into the bosom of chaos, and the Holy Ghost descended on the globes of matter. Leila, with wild hair scattered to the wind, bare and often bleeding feet, opiates and divining rods in each over-full hand, walked amid the habitations of mortals as a Genius, visited their consciences as a Demon.

At her touch all became fluid, and the prison walls grew into Edens. Each ray of particolored light grew populous with beings struggling into divinity. The redemption of matter was interwoven into the coronal of thought, and each serpent form soared into a Phenix.

Into my single life I stooped and plucked from the burning my divine children. And ever, as I bent more and more with an unwearied benignity, an elected pain like that of her, my wild-haired Genius; more beauteous forms, unknown before to me, nay, of which the highest God had not conscience as shapes, were born from that suddenly darting flame, which had threatened to cleave the very dome of my being. And Leila, she, the moving principle; O, who can speak of the immortal births of her unshrinking love. Each surge left Venus Urania at her feet; from each abjured blame, rose floods of solemn incense, that strove in vain to waft her to the sky. And I heard her voice, which ever sang, "I shrink not from the

baptism, from slavery let freedom, from parricide piety, from death let birth be known."

Could I but write this into the words of earth, the secret of moral and mental alchymy would be discovered, and all Bibles have passed into one Apocalypse; but not till it has all been lived can it be written.

Meanwhile cease not to whisper of it, ye pines, plant here the hope from age to age; blue dome, wait as tenderly as now; cease not, winds, to bear the promise from zone to zone; and thou, my life, drop the prophetic treasure from the bud of each day, — Prophecy.

Of late Leila kneels in the dust, yea, with her brow in the dust. I know the thought that is working in her being. To be a child, yea, a human child, perhaps man, perhaps woman, to bear the full weight of accident and time, to descend as low as ever the divine did, she is preparing. I also kneel. I would not avail myself of all this sight. I cast aside my necromancy, and yield all other prowess for the talisman of humility. But Leila, wondrous circle, who hast taken into thyself all my thought, shall I not meet thee on the radius of human nature? I will be thy fellow pilgrim, and we will learn together the bliss of gratitude.

Should this ever be, I shall seek the lonely lake no more, for in the eye of Leila I shall find not only the call to search, but the object sought. Thou hast taught me to recognise all powers; now let us be impersonated, and traverse the region of forms together. *Together*, CAN that be, thinks Leila, can one be with any but God? Ah! it is so, but only those who have known the one can know the two. Let us pass out into nature, and she will give us back to God yet wiser, and worthier, than when clinging to his footstool as now. "Have I ever feared," said Leila. Never! but the hour is come for still deeper trust. Arise! let us go forth!

POEMS ON ART.

THE GENUINE PORTRAIT.

"And really it is not more flattered than art ought to flatter. Art should paint the picture as inventive nature (granting there is such a thing) designed it, repairing the imperfections which necessarily result from the resistance of the material worked in, repairing also the injury done it by conquering time." — *Translated from the German of* Lessing.

Ask you why the portrait bears not
The romance of those lips or lashes?
Why that bosom's blush it shares not?
Mirrors not her eye's quick flashes?
Is it false in not revealing
Her secret consciousness of beauty —
The graceful, half-developed feeling —
Desire opposing fancied duty?

For, on the canvass, shadowy hair
Streams backward from an earnest face;
The features one expression bear,
The various lines one story trace.
And what is that expression? — Love!
Not wild-fire passion, bright but damp.
A purer flame, which points *above* —
Though kindled at an earthly lamp.
Call it Devotion — Call it Joy —
'T is the true love of woman's heart —
Emotion pure from all alloy —
Action complete in every part.

Blame not the Artist, then, who leaves
The circumstances of the hour,
Within the husk the fruit perceives,
Within the bud, the future flower.
He took the one pervading grace,
Which charms in all and placed it here,
The inmost secret of her face
The key to her locked character.
The spirit of her life, which beats
In every pulse of thought and feeling,
The central fire which lights and beats —
Explaining Earth, and Heaven revealing.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

ON THE MARBLE BUST OF SCHILLER

A. No! This is not the portrait of my friend!
Where is the graceful pensiveness of the eyelids?
Where the sweet tremulousness of the mouth?
Where the refinement, the tender sensibility,

The exquisite loveliness of posture and feature?
Loftiness and antique majesty are here,
But I find not my friend in his domestic character.

B. And *should* the marble which lives through centuries
Chronicle the fleeting interest of the Day?
Let it rather speak the eternal language
Of human nature in its noble simplicity.
This is not Schiller, your companion and friend,
But Schiller the Poet, his country's glory —
Therefore is it proud, majestic and powerful,
Expressing his Genius, not his character.

HERMITAGE.

Men change; that heaven above not more,
Which now with white clouds is all beautiful
Soon is with gray mists a poor creature dull,
Thus in this human theatre actions pour
Like slight waves on a melancholy shore;
Nothing is fixed, — the human heart is null,
'T is taught by scholars, is rehearsed in lore, —
Methinks this human heart might well be o'er;
O precious pomp of eterne vanity,
O false fool world, whose actions are a race
Of monstrous puppets; — I can't frame one plan
Why any man should wear a smiling face,
World, thou art one green sepulchre to me,
Through which, mid clouds of dust, slowly I pace.

THE ANGEL AND THE ARTIST.

Angel. Back back must thou go,
Spirit proud and poor!
To be in the Essence, to love and to know,
Thou canst not yet endure.

Artist. Ah! but I did in that glorious hour
When all was mine. —
Angel. No, not for a moment hast thou had power
The Cause to divine.

Why despise forms from which Spirit doth speak?
Artist. I will obey.
Beautiful forms! in you will I seek
The All-shining Day.

SHELLEY.*

It is now well nigh a score of years since Shelley set sail from Leghorn, for Lerici, in that treacherous boat which sank, with all on board, to the bottom of the Mediterranean. Long since, have partisan critics ceased their attempts to cut off from all sympathy, and chance of fame, one, whose life of scarce thirty years was yet too long for the success of their unworthy endeavors. No longer is the name of Shelley cast out from English society, or mentioned but with the expression of bitter and undisguised contempt. A late number of one of the leading British journals has, at length, acknowledged the preëminence of his genius: and hardly an Englishman now gazes at the pyramid of Caius Cestius, beneath the walls of Rome, who does not also turn a subdued eye towards the spot, that "might make one in love of death, to think one should be buried in so sweet a place," where, by the side of his friend Keats, lie the ashes of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

And now that the prejudice, which Shelley's career so naturally excited, has in a great measure died away; and now that, with the publication of these Poems and Essays, the evidence has closed, which, at least the present generation is to have, in making up its judgment upon the merits and demerits of their author, we propose to lay before our readers a brief sketch of, particularly, his character and opinions. It is generally acknowledged at present, that during Shelley's lifetime his poetical productions were most wrongfully cried down by critics, who possessed not a tithe of the genius they so designedly ignored; that great as were his youthful follies, the manner in which he was commonly treated was as unkind and ungenerous, as it was injurious; and that damnable as were his errors, some of those, who were the first to throw their stone at him, would have derived benefit from but touching the border of his garment. We do not wish

---

* 1. The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Mrs. Shelley. London. 1840.

2. Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations and Fragments, by Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Mrs. Shelley. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard. 1840.

to palliate the poet's unpardonable offences; nor do we design to prove the unbeliever to have been a Christian; but we think it merely an act of justice and charity, to attempt to disinter his excellencies from the obscurity to which they have too long been consigned. And, surely, there should be no office more grateful than that of enlarging the sphere of human charity, by recalling to memory the smallest degree of virtue in those great men who have delighted us in song, instructed us in wisdom, or benefited us by action.

The complete works of Shelley have been presented to the public by his widow, unaccompanied by a full account of his life. The Editor has not only not given us the biographical information necessary for the formation of a sure judgment concerning the entire character and conduct of her late husband; but has even cut off all our expectation of ever receiving such a desirable bequest. Those actions therefore of Shelley, performed during his minority, which have left in public estimation a stain upon his name, have not been cleared up. What palliating circumstances might have existed; what extraordinary temptations may, in any slight degree, have extenuated his failings; what, after all, were the true motives from which alone his acts derived their moral character; of all this, quite the kernel of the whole matter, we still remain in ignorance. From all the evidence there is in the case, we are permitted to believe that the great practical mistakes which marred the daily beauty of Shelley's life, owed their origin, in a very remarkable degree, to antecedent theoretical mistakes. Touching this point, Moore has given us the following interesting testimony.

"Though never personally acquainted with Mr. Shelley, I can join freely with those who most loved him in admiring the various excellencies of his heart and genius; and lamenting the too early doom that robbed us of the mature fruits of both. His short life had been like his poetry, a sort of bright erroneous dream, false in the general principles upon which it proceeded, though beautiful and attaching in most of its details. Had full time been allowed for the over-light of his imagination to have been tempered down by the judgment which, in him, was still in reserve, the world at large would have been taught to

pay that high homage to his genius which those only who saw what he was capable of can now be expected to accord to it." *

It seems to have been from lack of that judgment, which was "still in reserve," together with excess of imagination, quick impulses, and an extraordinary love of intellectual freedom — not from gross passions and a vicious temper, that proceeded the numerous practical errors, which impaired both the happiness and usefulness of his life. Lord Byron, who lived on terms of intimacy with him, in Italy, and who, amid his career of vulgar and desperate dissipation in that country, was more restrained, perhaps, by the purity of Shelley's counsels and example, than by any other influences, said of him, "you were all mistaken about Shelley, who was, without exception, the *best* and least selfish man I ever knew." Those who knew him best, were won by his estimable qualities, to speak of him in terms of highest praise: and the tender, constant, and passionate devotion he exhibited for the aimable and intelligent partner of his life, seems to have been most generously returned. Mr. Trelawney, a friend of his, pronounced him to be "a man absolutely without selfishness." Leigh Hunt, who was long and most familiarly acquainted with him, and has borne testimony to the excellence of his private character, in his "Recollections of Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries," among other things, said, "he was pious towards nature, towards his friends, towards the whole human race, towards the meanest insect of the forest."

Though frugal in his personal habits, he was disinterestedly generous to his friends, to the poor, and the stranger. His temper, though naturally irritable, became sweet. While cherishing a cosmopolitan benevolence for the oppressed nations, unlike most world-reformers, he was kindly and affectionate to his immediate associates; his boldness of purpose and action was tempered by an almost feminine gentleness. The ardor, with which he maintained and carried out in action his peculiar views, was relieved by mild forbearance towards those from whom he differed. Though subject to hot and tumultuous impulses, his tastes

* Moore's Life of Byron, vol. ii. p. 424.

were pure, and his sensibilities delicate. However pertinacious in his attachment to personal liberty, bordering upon license, he was still not a trespasser upon the freedom and rights of others. He was refined without being unmanly; trembling from nervous excitability, yet resolute almost to stoicism; chaste by nature, and not by restraint; simple, firm, free, unsophisticated.

So much are we bound to say in Shelley's favor; while we most deeply regret that a misguided understanding, rather than a corrupt disposition, should have led him to embrace many principles as fatal to his own peace, as deleterious in their influences on society. To his principles, false or true, he was inviolably faithful. Having formed, when a schoolboy at Eton, an unfavorable opinion of the English system of *fagging*, he at once set on foot a conspiracy among his mates for resisting it. Sent to Oxford at the early age of sixteen, and being there taught the elements of logic, he proceeded to apply these principles to the investigation of theological subjects; and when conducted to skeptical results, immediately printed a dissertation on the being of a God, in which he advocated sentiments that the authorities required him to retract; and upon his refusal, expelled him from the university in his second term. At the age of seventeen or eighteen, he married the pretty daughter of a retired coffee-house keeper; and this Gretna-Green match not turning out happily, from the very great dissimilarity in the characters and dispositions of the parties, they soon separated by mutual consent. Meanwhile, Shelley, having embraced the views of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, respecting the institution of marriage, not long afterwards, and before the suicide of his first wife, paid his addresses to and finally married Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. Acting in these and other instances on false principles, he notwithstanding acted on those which had already obtained, and through life continued to preserve, full possession of his faith.

Engaging in philosophical speculations with a fearlessness which no consequences could intimidate, and a singleness of mind that no considerations of personal interest could seduce, Shelley committed the great mistake, frequent among young inquirers, but unfortunately by no means confined to them, of putting a too implicit trust in

the conclusions of his individual understanding. This stripling in his teens has his doubts about the infallibility of his teachers, notwithstanding the solemn authoritativeness of their decisions. This tyro in logic rejects, and rejects forever, the faith of his fathers, the belief of his countrymen, the dogmas current for centuries in the cloisters of Oxford, the creed supported by the sanctity, learning, wealth, and power of almost universal Christendom. This freshman at the university rejects it, and accepts, in exchange, the convictions of his untaught, unripe understanding. We are amazed at this precocious self-confidence. Since the world began, men of the highest capacity have espoused different sides of the same great questions. The various races, nations, centuries, have entertained views, more or less peculiar, on matters of gravest concernment. Individuals of different temperaments, ages, sexes — individuals placed in dissimilar circumstances, dissimilarly educated, dissimilarly endowed, looking at truth from diverse points of view, have never agreed in their opinions, but, at most, and at best, have been able only to agree to differ. And yet in the face of this imporiant fact, we find Shelley, and the great majority of men besides, doggedly and uncharitably attached to the conclusions of their individual understandings. Many think they do well, if they only look down with self-complacent contempt, more or less disguised, on all who have the infirmity, or fault, of looking out of their own eyes; while some have not been able to stop short of blackening the names, or burning the bodies, or even damning the souls, of the poor wretches, who did not please to be of their way of thinking. This opiniativeness, in men who have never had the means of learning any better, is, perhaps, not to be blamed; but in men, who are or aspire to be philosophers, it is pitiful.

Nowhere, perhaps, has this folly of wise minds been more conspicuous, than among the metaphysicians of Germany. Every system of philosophy, from that of Kant to that which Schelling still keeps in reserve, has constructed its foundations out of the ruins of its predecessors; and has claimed for itself to be the only true, orthodox system, without the pale of which there can be no saving knowledge. Doubtless every one — at least every one who knows anything about the matter — will acknowledge that

there has been a regular and necessary advancement in philosophical science, as from Thales to Kant, so from the latter to Hegel, and the Schelling that is to be. But what we condemn is, not that every new German metaphysician has claimed to have carried forward his science, but that he has authoritatively set up his system as that in which alone all the facts of human nature have been observed, and their relations harmoniously explained, and confidently looked on himself as the last of God's prophets, after whose day there would be an end of all signs, visions, and revelations. It would seem almost like a fantastic trick in nature, to have endowed those persons, who have showed the most incredulous skepticism towards other men's faiths, with the most superstitious credulity for their own; or rather, it would seem as though God bestowed upon the men of most original and powerful genius, at the same time, the sincerest and intensest self-trust.

Shelley shared largely in this infirmity of noble minds. The firmness with which he grasped the conclusions of his intellect, was not more remarkable, however, than the singleness of purpose and boldness of spirit with which he acted from them. But for the irresistible attachment, that was born with him, to freedom of faith, speech, and action, the boy of thirteen might have gained more prizes for writing Latin verses at Eton, than he actually did. At the university he was an apt scholar, and later in life showed himself to be such, by his acquisition of the German, Italian, French, Latin, and Greek languages, in the last of which he attained a high degree of proficiency, as well as by his acquaintance with metaphysics and natural philosophy, and he might have borne off blushing honors from Oxford. He was the eldest son of a Baronet, and instead of having been abandoned by him, after his expulsion from college, and his marriage, might at least have enjoyed the advantages of a support befitting the consequence of a young lord. He was offered a seat in parliament, and might have been one of the richest men in Sussex, could he only so far have compromised his principles, as to become the tool of a party. He had been endowed by nature with a graceful figure, with a face small, but beautifully turned, and full of sensibility, with a fair complexion, curl-

ing locks, and large, beaming eyes, and might possibly have won smiles from ladies of gentle blood and dazzling fortunes. He was a poet of highest song, and might have been flattered in newspapers and reviews, caressed in selectest circles, asked to dine at my lord's table, and walked daintily on flowers strewed in his way by beauty, wit, rank, and fashion. Thus would he have escaped the host of persecutors, who drove him from his country; he would have escaped the loss of his children by the first marriage, taken from him by the Court of Chancery on the alleged ground of his being an atheist; he would have escaped that sacrilegious blow, dealt by an Englishman personally unacquainted with him, who chanced to hear him mention his name for letters at a continental post-office; he would have escaped the paid and personal malice with which the London Quarterly so zealously supported the altars of Christ, the throne of England, and the critical chair of Mr. Gifford; he would have escaped the cut direct of Christian friends too fastidiously afraid of contamination, to have even their feet washed with the tears and wiped with the hair of such a sinner.

So much did Shelley sacrifice for principles — principles, alas, in too many instances, unsound, and injurious. Still though disapproving these, and deprecating their influence on society, may we not commend the simplicity of heart, and heroism of character, with which he followed to their consequence the principles his judgment approved as just and fit? That the conclusions of a man's intellect should be erroneous, is indeed unfortunate; and generally a matter of blame; but that his heart be single, that his speech be sincere, that his acting be the full expression of his belief, that his force of passion support the unchangeableness of his will, so that its decrees come not short of the certainty of fate, that no soft whisper about forbidden fruit be permitted to foul the ear of his integrity, nor any selfish desire, covertly nestling in his bosom, to steal away the virginal purity of his disinterestedness — this is a matter of approval among all men, and enough to cover no small multitude of metaphysical sins. We may learn from Shelley other lessons, besides those of warning. And we wish that many a lazy advocate of orthodoxy would take of this unbeliever lessons in impetuosity. We wish

that those who in order to be virtuous lack but the courage to be natural, who in order to become saints and heroes even need but to be themselves, who from their youth up have kept all the commandments, save that of not truckling to public opinion, when false and tyrannical, would set themselves free and public opinion right, by imitating the intrepidity of this "sickly sentimentalist." One may learn from Hercules, to beard the lion; from Napoleon, at Lodi, to charge at the cannon's mouth; from Martin Luther, to throw his inkstand at the Devil; but from Shelley — he may learn, when armed with principles — still more when they are not false ones, to fear not even *public opinion.*

What the opinions were, which Shelley so boldly formed, and independently expressed, we have now more adequate means of ascertaining since the publication of his Essays and Letters. These disclose to us very fully the sentiments and convictions that made the man, and controlled his conduct.

In Queen Mab, which he wrote and printed at the age of eighteen — though he never published it — he denied the existence of a God, who created the world, and was clothed with the attributes usually assigned to him by Christians.

> "Infinity within,
> Infinity without, belie creation;
> The exterminable spirit it contains
> Is nature's only God."

In commenting on this passage, in his Notes to this Poem, he says, "this negation must be understood solely to affect a creative Deity. The hypothesis of a pervading Spirit, coeternal with the universe remains unshaken."

This and other irreligious views expressed in Queen Mab, though modified, doubtless, with the enlargement of his experience and the development of his intellect, were, however, notwithstanding the representations sometimes made to the contrary, never essentially changed. For when in 1821 this poem was surreptitiously published by a London bookseller, Shelley wrote to the Editor of the Examiner as follows. "I doubt not but that the poem is perfectly worthless in point of literary composition; and that in all that concerns moral and political speculation, as well as in the subtler discriminations of metaphysical

and religious doctrine, it is still more crude and immature. I am a devoted enemy to religious, political, and domestic oppression; and I regret this publication not so much from literary vanity, as because I fear it is better fitted to injure than to serve the sacred cause of freedom." Here is nothing like a distinct disavowal of his early opinions. And in a private letter to John Gisborne Esq., he wrote about the same time as follows; "for the sake of a dignified appearance, and because I wish to protest against all the bad poetry in Queen Mab, I have given orders to say that it is all done against my desire." From this, it appears, that his regret on account of the publication of the poem proceeded from other causes, than a fundamental change of belief.

The views of his later years respecting the Deity, not materially different from those of his youth, are quite distinctly expressed in his Hymn to Intellectual Beauty, written in 1816. His belief in an all-pervading Spirit appears from the following lines.

"The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats, tho' unseen, among us."

From this spirit of Beauty which "to human thought is nourishment;" from this awful Loveliness to which he looked "to set this world free from its dark slavery," he invokes a blessing on himself in the concluding lines of the hymn.

"Thus let thy power, which like the truth
Of nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm, to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself, and love all human kind."

In his short essay on Life, Shelley takes a pantheistic view of things. The words *I*, and *you*, and *they* are, according to him, merely convenient grammatical devices, totally destitute of the exclusive meaning usually attached to them, and no more than marks to denote the different modifications of the one mind. Moreover he is an Idealist, receiving the Intellectual system as stated by Sir William Drummond, in his Academical Questions. He confesses that he is unable to refuse his assent to the con-

clusions of those philosophers, who assert that nothing exists, but as it is perceived. He declares that the difference is merely nominal between those two classes of thought, vulgarly distinguished by the names of ideas, and of external objects. Putting these two views together, the God of Shelley turns out to be none other than Shelley himself. For though he modestly denies that his mind is anything more than a portion of the one universal intelligence, yet as he maintains that nothing exists save in the mind's perception, it follows, of course, not only that no material body, but also no spiritual being, can be proved to exist beyond the limits of his own mind. The latter is as much an hypothesis as the former; both fictions of the mind, for which no satisfactory proof can be given. There would remain accordingly, though Shelley himself disallowed the inference, in the dread immensity of space, nought save this one solitary mind, nought else would remain during the ages of a lonely eternity. "Nothing exists but as it is perceived." The forms of friendship, the eyes of love, the shapes of dear familiar things, are all but in the mind's eye. Our beloved homes, the temples of God, the noble ruins of antiquity, our mother earth, with all her fair array of cities, and streams, and vales, and mountains, and overspreading sky, the very Deity himself, have not the substance of thinnest air, and mock the dearest hopes of the soul of man.

Though professing the greatest admiration of the moral principles of Jesus Christ, and being in the habit of reading with great delight many, particularly the poetical, parts of the Bible, Shelley entertained a decided repugnance to the doctrines of the New Testament, and to the doctrinal teachings of the Christian clergy. He considered the Christian Church as pledged for the maintenance of bigotry, and the suppression of free inquiry. By requiring unquestioning belief in an irrational scheme of theology, by inculcating implicit reliance on the superior sanctity and wisdom of those supernaturally called to be other men's counsellors, and by condemning to loss of reputation, or employment, or life even, with eternal punishment in the world to come, whomsoever embraced and acted upon principles at variance with the Pulpit and the Word, Shelley thought that the Church had been the nurse of pride,

intolerance, and fanaticism. He affirmed the despotism of Christianity, which was eternal, to be worse even than the pernicious French and Material philosophy, that was but temporary. The only true religion, according to his view, was true love. Walking one day in the cathedral at Pisa, while the organ was playing, he said to Leigh Hunt, "What a divine religion might be found out, if charity were really made the principle of it instead of faith." So prejudiced was this unbeliever against Christianity, that he seems to have made little account of the salutary restraint it has imposed on the madness of human passion, the formal respect it has secured for virtue, even where failing to create a genuine devotion, the elevation of men from the dominion of sense to that of power unseen, and supernatural; moreover the consolations it has ministered to bereavement, the patience it has supported in sickness, the contentment it has cherished under poverty, and the hopes it has made to bloom upon the grave. Also did he leave quite out of view the inspiration which poetry has drawn, the themes painting has borrowed, the forms architecture has learned, and the sublime melodies that music has caught from Christianity. He had even lived in Italy, and still expressly asserted that the influence of Christianity upon the fine arts had been unfavorable; he had travelled in France and Germany, and asserted that its influence had been unfavorable to philosophy; born and bred an Englishman, he asserted that it had been unfavorable to civilization. He sighed over the fate of the Grecian republics, displaced by the prevalence of Roman and Christian institutions; and amid all the blessings of modern science, law, and religion, vainly wished back again the unreturning Past.

Among the Essays of Shelley, is a fragment of a treatise on Morals, by which we are particularly informed, respecting his views of the nature of virtue. The fragment has little worth, besides that of making us acquainted with the sentiments which Shelley himself entertained on this subject; and that also of proving that he possessed an insight into the springs of human character, which, when years had brought experience, and his understanding had more fully unfolded its resources, might perhaps have made a moralist out of the poet. He appears to have

taken a strong interest in speculations on morals, as we infer from the following passage in one of his letters. "I consider poetry very subordinate to moral and political science, and if I were well, certainly I would aspire to the latter, for I can conceive a great work, embodying the discoveries of all ages, and harmonizing the contending creeds by which mankind have been ruled."

A virtuous action, according to his definition, is one designed and fitted to produce to the greatest number of persons the highest pleasure. The two constituent parts of virtue are benevolence, and justice; the former, the desire of being the disinterested author of good; and the latter, the desire of distributing this good among men, according to their claims and needs. By good, is meant that which produces pleasure; and by evil, that which produces pain. Shelley believed that the main aim of life should be the production and diffusion of the greatest amount of happiness. He did not, like Epicurus, make happiness to consist in sensual gratification; but in that enjoyment which accompanies the harmonious action of all the powers of man. Disallowing the gratification of no natural instinct, nor censuring the indulgence of passion and the senses, he still would subject the action of these baser parts of our nature to the control of enlightened reason and the most scrupulous conscientiousness. Every one of the faculties bestowed by God upon man should be allowed its just play and proportionate scope, the lower being subordinate to the higher, the sensual to the spiritual, and reason being enthroned sovereign of them all. Reason he placed on the summit of man, not conscience; because conscience is a feeling that is blind, and dependent for its action upon the understanding and reason, the decision, of which it follows, not guides. Other ends, which have been pointed out as the chief ones of life, were thought by him not to be ultimate. But when the greatest amount of the highest and truest happiness of which human nature is capable is aimed at, the mind is perfectfy satisfied, asks no further questions, and is struck at once with the absurdity of still demanding a reason, why we ought to promote universal happiness.

In Queen Mab, Shelley calls necessity the mother of the world; and in the Notes, denies the self-determining

power of the human will. He held that as well in the spiritual as the natural world, every effect must have its antecedent cause; that motives are the causes of volitions; and that, according to the formula of President Edwards, the will is always as the strongest motive. We have no reason to believe that Shelley ever changed his sentiments on this point. On the contrary, in his Speculations on Morals he represents the absurdity of refusing to admit that human actions are necessarily determined by motives, as similar to that of denying the equal length of all the radii of a circle. The charge of fatalism has frequently been made against these views of the necessarians, who agree in denying the self-determining power of the will; but without discussing the soundness or unsoundness of either system we may take the liberty of stating our reasons for believing that they are not the same.

Fatalism is the belief, that the events which fill up our lives are determined by a will above us; necessity, that all these events take place according to the fixed laws of our nature. Fatalism teaches that let a man think, speak, or act, as he please, or not think, speak, or act at all, the issues of his life will be the same. Necessity teaches that our fate depends on our dispositions, judgments, and actions, modified by the natural influences of surrounding circumstances. Fatalism encourages a man to violate all laws human and divine, because in either case, he is sure of God's approval and his own. Necessity warns him that every transgression of a law of his being will, sooner or later, receive its punishment, and no observance ever lose its reward; that the man who neglects the cultivation of the higher parts of his nature will fail in spiritual power and true happiness, and that he who exercises the meaner parts, condemns himself to low pleasures and a base lot; it admonishes him that, by the improper indulgence of vulgar passions, he will become their degraded bondman, until they shall have run their course, or, perchance, some dormant spiritual energy have awaked from its slumber to disenthral their dominion; it cautions him against relying upon the interposition of a self-determining will, to rescue him from the temptations with which he has tampered, and to trammel up the consequence of his failings, or his crimes; in a word, it enjoins

the greatest care of one's intellectual and moral nature, by showing him, that he, and he only, is sure of his fortunes, who is sure of his capacity and his honor. The two systems have this point of union, that they both teach that God hath foreordained whatsoever things come to pass; but they differ fundamentally respecting the mode, in which the divine decrees are realized. The believers in the one system surrender their fates to chance; those in the other perceive their well-being to lie in the fulfilment of established law. The one doctrine dishonors all human agencies; the other acknowledges them to be the only means, by which are secured, or forfeited, the wisdom, virtue, and happiness of mankind.

We can conceive how Shelley, receiving the doctrines of those who deny the self-determination of the will, could still hold to a law of moral obligation. He, as well as the advocates of the opposite theory, could experience a pleasing satisfaction, in acting according to the instructions of reason and the admonitions of conscience, and a feeling of painful degradation, in yielding to the suggestions of selfishness, or giving reins to the impulses of grovelling and destructive passions. This sense of pleasure and pain is the execution of a moral law, by which man's happiness is increased by acting in accordance with what in him is noblest, and diminished by sacrificing this high joy for the sake of selfish or sensual indulgence. The necessarian sees that he must take the consequences of his actions, and therein finds one of the strongest possible motives for giving good heed to them. The pains of life and the pangs of conscience, he does not indeed consider so much punishment, as admonitions; nor the delights of the mind, so much rewards, as encouragements. Remorse becomes, to him, regret, yet not the less painful, for his having acted from the lower, instead of the higher motives. The feeling of desert of praise is self-congratulation; of desert of blame, self-abhorence. He does not hold himself accountable for what he has not the power to hinder, or help; but he does take the responsibility of whatever lies within the circumference of his utmost possibility.

In his Essay on a Future State, Shelley, arguing from reason and analogy, expresses views unfavorable to the future personal existence of the human soul. But the

essay is unfinished, and from several passages in his works, we are led to hope and believe that this fragment does not give his entire views on this subject. In one of his letters he writes, "the destiny of man can scarcely be so degraded, that he was born only to die." And in a journal are recorded the following thoughts, suggested by a dangerous exposure of himself and Mrs. Shelley at sea; "Death was rather a thing of discomfort and disappointment than terror to me. We should never be separated; but in death we might not know and feel our union as now. I hope — but my hopes are not unmixed with fear for what will befall this inestimable spirit when we appear to die." Mrs. Shelley, in speaking of the fragment on a future state, says; "I cannot pretend to supply the deficiency, nor say what Shelley's views were — they were vague, certainly; yet as certainly regarded the country beyond the grave as by no means foreign to our interests and hopes. Considering his individual mind as a unit divided from a mighty whole, to which it was united by restless sympathies and an eager desire for knowledge, he assuredly believed that hereafter, as now, he would form a portion of that whole — and a portion less imperfect, less suffering, than the shackles inseparable from humanity impose on all who live beneath the moon." It appears therefore that, with respect to the question of immortality, Shelley's mind was in a state of doubt, though often cheered by earnest hopes, at the time when death unexpectedly settled the question which had puzzled his brief span of life.

Shelley left also some speculations on Metaphysics, more fragmentary, and of less value even than those on Morals. His nature contained not the stuff which metaphysicians are made of. Imagination indeed he had enough of, and no power is more necessary than this in philosophical studies. It is the pioneer of the philosophical faculties. It opens the way for observation and experiment, which left to themselves know not in what direction to proceed, and find their way, if at all, but slowly, and by accident. Truly, indeed, must observation and experiment closely follow, though they cannot well precede, the steps of the conceptive faculty; for it is they who are to test its guesses, and authoritively decide upon their correctness or incorrectness. In this way have been made the greatest discove-

ries. But the trouble with Shelley would have been, that his imagination not being supported by a sound judgment, and its modes of action not being in harmony with the spirit and constitution of things, he would have stood a fair chance of guessing wrong. He would have displayed extraordinary fecundity in the production of erroneous hypotheses, with no gift of patience to subject them to the scrutiny of experiment. Besides, he would have been entirely wanting in the close and subtle logic, that makes the dialectician. He would have shared, with the great majority of his countrymen, their want of strict logical method, the surprising nonchalance with which they take for granted the premises of their arguments, the exceedingly tender examination through which popular axioms are made to pass in order to be admitted into the inexpugnable fortress of first truths. To the dialecticians of the broad land which lies between the Oder, the Danube, and the Rhine, have been bequeathed, it would seem, the pens of Heraclitus, Plato, and Aristotle.

But Shelley is better known as a disciple of social and moral Reform, than of metaphysics. He was offered a seat in Parliament; and at one time, had some thoughts of becoming a politician; but fortunately, did not. He possessed hardly judgment enough for the well-ordering of his own life, much less for the judicious management of public affairs. He would, indeed, have been superior to most politicians, by the circumstance of having principles of some sort, by which to direct his movements; but, unfortunately, they would very likely have been false principles. In the senate, he would have displayed more zeal for the interests of men, than knowledge of them; more hatred of the short-sighted and corrupt selfishness in the midst of which he would have found himself, than of skill to bring it into subserviency to his purposes; more eloquence in advocating schemes for the speedy reform of the wide world, than insight into the real pressing wants of society, and the practicable means of relief. He would have succeeded no better than young men have since in demonstrating the superiority, in the guidance of national councils, of youthful inexperience, presumption, and impetuosity, over the prudence, sobriety, and wisdom of age; and he would have distinguished himself, like other world-

reformers, in the art of diluting the substantial consistency of his benevolence, for the sake of doling out the more to distant and remediless necessities, as well as by his aptness in overlooking home duties in his anxiety to extend the jurisdiction of his responsibility into the precincts of other men's concerns. Living at a time when the career of Napoleon was destroying many of the social and political forms in which society had existed since the middle ages, and inhaling freely the spirit of modern times, then first universally diffused, Shelley placed himself in the van of the revolutionary movement, and struck most passionately his lyre to celebrate the uprising of liberty in Spain, Greece, and Italy. Shelley was a radical of the school which seems not yet to have become quite extinct. He could not see that thrones and altars subserved any other than the purposes of tyranny; and he wished to have all men kings and priests for themselves. Having experienced, by his first marriage, the evils of ill sorted matches, and being possessed with the spirit of Milton's doctrines on divorce, together with the more extravagant notions of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, he openly advocated the substitution of the vow of love for the band of matrimony. Destitute of a true insight into the uses subserved by both poverty and riches in the system of economy, which God has established for the education and redemption of man, Shelley believed, with Sir Thomas More, in the desirableness of a community of property. What after the annihilation of these institutions, he expected to have remaining, we will not undertake to inform our readers. Certain, however, it is, that by these changes he expected men would be great gainers in the power of self-government, in genuine piety, in chastity, and in happiness. Believing evil not to be inherent in the system of things, but to be an accident which might be expelled by the force of the will of man, he eagerly maintained that, by the prevalence of the disinterested love which would everywhere spring up under the shelter of freer institutions, would be realized the renovation of nature, the perfection of man, and the defecation of human life of all its miseries.

The first mistake of this reformer was his over-estimate of the evils of the existing state of society. An invalid, he turned his mind too much from the consideration of the

happiness which smiled around the fireside of the poorest peasantry, from the comfortable degree of freedom enjoyed even beneath the eye of the most despotic princes of Europe, from the amount of genuine virtue, bred in retirement, and of fair character, then adorning the households of all classes and conditions. His melancholy eye was keenest to detect everywhere the evidences of oppression, misery, and vice; and to the man, whose eye has not light in itself, all things indeed are darkness. It is true, that society had outgrown some parts of the framework, which for centuries had encased it; but yet, not so as to occasion any very important hindrances to the liberal enjoyment of life, and the cultivation of enlightened character. The great and free soul is, indeed, always too large for the narrow rules of his times. But he does not so much need the support which factitious forms must minister to the immaturity of virtue, and to the imbecility of vice. He can walk alone, without help from stool, or staff. Yet while the few spirits who have travelled on in advance of their age, may find the old conventional regulations less suited to themselves than to their contemporaries generally, the great majority of men find their highest welfare in diverging but cautiously from the beaten paths of past custom, and are generally farthest both from harm and mischief, while content to graze within their accustomed length of tether. Besides, most of the forms of society which Shelley enumerated among inherited evils, have descended to us from remote centuries, only because they grew naturally out of the instinctive depths of humanity, and are destined alike for eternal duration and universal diffusion. For example, Shelley might have spared himself the pain he experienced in view of the unequal distribution of property. That poverty, for which no place can be found in the resplendent visions of a certain school of reformers, occupies a pretty important one in the great economy of God, would seem to be obvious enough from the simple fact, that the world over, from the beginning of time up to the present hour, men have been born, bred, and buried, in a condition not so far removed from starvation as from affluence. Our divine Maker seems hitherto to have thought that adversity had uses for man; that the soul might be rightly tempered by the ministry of sorrows;

that fortitude might be hardened by self-denial; health promoted by temperance; learning pricked on by indigence; invention quickened by necessity; virtue purified by suffering; and, in fine, the best interests of the world secured by obedience to that first great law, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." Besides, we are all poor. He feels his poverty, whose treasures are unequal to his desires. And when are they equal? Our plans outstrip our means; our wants increase with supply; by the cultivation of benevolence, is enlarged the sphere of our charities; by the refinement of our taste, are multiplied the objects demanded for its gratification; with the growth of industrial enterprise, the demand is heightened for larger and still larger capital; by the improvement of our intellect, are, an hundred fold, augmented the resources it would purchase from the costly labors of learning. There is little of much worth to man, but what he gets by his own labor, and little that he keeps, save by care; there is no situation in life walled in from the invasion of anxieties, sorrows, temptations, and toils as fatal — or rather as beneficial — as those which beset the door of poverty; and, in fact, the only satisfactory wealth to which man can attain, lies in resignation, in self-denial, in contentment, and in the joyous consciousness of physical and mental ability. Finally, neither the plan of Shelley, nor any that we have heard advocated, much less any one that has been reduced to practice, is adequate to feed indolence from the earnings of industry, to supply heedlessness with the resources of forecast, and lavish upon prodigality the treasures which the laws of nature promise to virtue.

The second mistake of Shelley lay in his proposed means of reformation. He proposed to change institutions, not men. He attributed to the oppressive weight imposed upon society by barbarous laws and customs, its grovelling tastes, and degraded passions; and believed that with the bestowment of freer social, civil, and religious institutions would be given the virtue which overspreads life with blessings. That the only safe and the most important reform that can be effected in a nation, is a reform of the individuals who compose it, he did not perceive. Accordingly, we see him most interested in hailing the

outbreak of foreign revolutions, in cheating his hope with visions of Platonic republics, and in watching the progress of all the measures in parliament, which promised to change whatever was established in the social and political relations of his countrymen. Instead of endeavoring to improve men by cultivating their acquaintance, he courted the irresponsibility of cloistered seclusion, as appears from the following extract from one of his letters to his wife. "My greatest content would be utterly to desert all human society. I would retire with you and our child to a solitary island in the sea, would build a boat, and shut upon my retreat the floodgates of the world; I would read no reviews, and talk with no authors. If I dared trust my imagination, it would tell me that there are one or two chosen companions beside yourself, whom I should desire. But to this I would not listen." In the place of discharging the duties of a citizen of England, he travelled from place to place, and lived much upon the continent. His plans for reforming Eton, and Oxford, resulted only in his early removal from the former, and his expulsion from the latter. About all he did to improve the homes of England was, to make himself an outcast from his own. Instead of illustrating by his example the benefits of domestic virtue, he caused the children of his early marriage to be taken from him by the Court of Chancery, and broke, as we are left to suppose, the heart of his first wife, however much devotion he may have felt for the second. Instead of conforming so far to the requirements of public opinion, as to enable himself to hold a place in society, from which he might have exerted a reforming influence by his conduct, and have gained an unprejudiced hearing for his opinions, he fulminated, by the bold avowal of doctrines shocking to the moral sense of the community, a declaration of war against the very society he aimed to reform.

But notwithstanding the unsoundness of most of the views Shelley entertained respecting the advancement of society, and the mistakes in his mode of procedure, we must still acknowledge that views, similar to some entertained by him, have been adopted in modern legislation. Capital punishments, the abolition of which he advocated, have become less frequent; the rights of the people have since received a more full acknowledgment in the English

reform bill; the action of law has become more favorable to divorce, though the institution of marriage, it is hoped, will not be immediately dispensed with; the progress of civilization seems to have settled the maxim, that it is not so much the business of legislation to take care of the people, as to secure to them the opportunity of taking care of themselves, and that self-government, so far as it can be attained, is preferable to that of laws and constitutions. All the ameliorations of society seem to contribute to the independence of the individual. The modern applications of machinery tend to make him less dependent upon the labor of his fellow men; the diffusion of the means of education makes him rely less on the authority of the learned; the freedom of all trades and professions gives him a fair chance of securing a competency by his own exertions; the abolition of social caste opens his way to a station of gentility; the increase of intelligence throughout all classes, furnishes his mind with ampler means of happiness and of power; and thus, the general advancement in wealth, power, knowledge, and virtue, produces in the individual more self-control, self-reliance, and self-respect. We see this tendency towards individual independence strikingly illustrated in Goethe, who having laid under contribution all the improvements of the age in building up his lofty genius, at last reposed on the summit of modern civilization in all the sufficiency of Jupiter on Olympus.

To Shelley must also be awarded the praise of having entertained a generous confidence in the perfectibility of man. His opinions on this subject, though, as we have already observed, by no means free from extravagance, were still conformable, in many respects, to the conclusions of reason, and the prophecies of scripture. They bespeak also a generous soul, — one whose consciousness of greatness was capable of high hopes of the humanity he shared in, — one which, having set its own aim high above the aspiration of vulgar ambition, seemed to discern that of the race shining at a height of still more inaccessible perfection.

These opinions of Shelley we have gathered, mainly, from his Letters and Essays. The latter are all fragments, except the Defence of Poetry. This is written in

a style, brilliant, graceful, and harmonious. The thoughts unite the beauty of poetry with the profundity of philosophy; and indicate an impassioned and enlightened devotion to his art. His letters are beautiful specimens of easy, familiar, epistolary writing. He appears in them, as he was, simple, free, and earnest. Those addressed to his wife, combine, in a remarkable degree, tenderness with manliness. Those written from Italy are exceedingly interesting, on account of the beautiful and discriminating criticisms they contain on the treasures of Italian art. In one of them, he thus finely and philosophically expresses his aim in these pleasing studies: "One of my chief objects in Italy is the observing in statuary and painting the degree in which, and the rules according to which, that ideal beauty, of which we have so intense, yet so obscure an apprehension, is realized in external forms."

As a poet, Shelley is not so popular as some others who have less merit. His immoderate love of allegory has rendered his style in many places obscure and cold; the metaphysical cast of thought does not supply to sensibility the excitement it craves from poetry; the long and lofty flights of his imagination tire the wings of duller fancies; while the occasional morbidness of his muse, together with his frequent attacks upon the established order of things in church and state, have sometimes repelled from his page the subjects of delicate feelings, and the friends of ancient observance.

In the power of his conceptive faculty, few will deny that he was unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries. His poetry is chiefly "the expression of the imagination." His mind was not also endowed, like Shakspeare's, with that large wisdom, that soundness of judgment, that wonderful tact in observation, which directed to the real world would have enable him to see things as they are; but his unaided imagination filled immensity with the shapes of things that are not. But while he possessed, in such superabundance the creative power of genius to form new combinations from the materials of real existence, it must be confessed that these combinations were oftener striking and beautiful, than analogous to reality, and illustrative of truth.

The fire of the impassioned poet burns most intensely and purely in his lyrics and smaller pieces, as in the Ode to the West Wind, Lines written in dejection near Naples, the Cloud, and the Stanzas to a Sky-lark. Into these he breathed his entire soul. In the last-mentioned piece, suggested while listening to the lark carolling in the Italian heavens, he cannot find words enough to exhaust his passionate admiration; he cannot collect together images enough with which to compare the glad melodies of this spirit in the sky; nothing is to him so tender or ardent, nothing so sweet and joyous, nothing in sound that so fills the ear and the soul, as the spontaneous song of this bird, that singing soars, and soaring sings.

Love of the beautiful was another characteristic of Shelley's genius. No eye was quicker to detect, or slower to turn from, the beauty, wherein, according to his belief, consisted the divinity of things. The beautiful in the forms, colors, motions, and sounds of the external creation; the beautiful expression in the human face divine, and in the face of nature; the beautiful in language, thought, character, and life, was his constant study and supreme delight. For the cultivation of this native delicacy of taste, he devoted himself, as all poets should, to the study of the poetry of Greece. Sensibility to beauty was the characteristic trait of Grecian genius. It was beauty that the Greeks sung of in verse, beauty they sought in architecture, beauty they cut out from marble. Nor were their orators, historians, or even philosophers, wanting in this means of gaining the ear of their countrymen. Native to the soul of Greece, beauty overspread all her art, literature, and even life, as it did her vales, and isles, and seas, and skies.

Shelley was a complete master of all poetic measures, and had at his sovereign disposal all the treasures of the English language. His numbers are smooth, various, and musical; his language rich, tasteful, and expressive. Still, so thick-coming were his fancies, so subjective often the theme of his song, so etherial the substance of his imaginings, so subtle, abstract, idealized, were many of his conceptions, that not unfrequently he seems to labor in the pains of utterance. The main characteristic of his style has been thus pointed out by his Editor: "More popular

poets clothe the ideal with familiar and sensible imagery; Shelley loved to idealize the real; to gift the mechanism of the material universe with a soul and a voice, and to bestow such also on the most delicate and abstract emotions and thoughts of the mind."

During his short and youthful life, Shelley made but infrequent excursions into the real world; and his experience in these was such, as to make him still more attached to his home in the ideal. From this fact, resulted not only this peculiarity of style; but also most of the faults, which are usually noticed in his poetry. Hence his cold allegories, his metaphysical splendors, the lack of human interest in his subjects, the meagreness of his cantos in incidents, the occasional subtlety, vagueness, and fantastic extravagancies of his, sometimes, too intellectual muse. Yet with all their deficiences, whether in expression or thought, do these sons of genius, who, like Shelley, love too well to wander in the realms of fairy fancy, subserve no unimportant purposes in human life. To these imaginative minds, so unfit for the business of life, so disdainful of its drudgery, so unfamiliar with all the processes of the practical understanding, so destitute of common sense as to provoke the mirth and contempt of the vulgar, do we owe most of the miracles of art, and many of the greatest discoveries in science. They execute a divine behest in portraying with fascinating pencil the exceeding excellence of the ideal man, and the beauty of a perfect life; in deciphering the prophecies of coming greatness hid in the hieroglyphics, which cover the monuments of the past; in tracing the mystic analogies that so closely ally the worlds of matter and spirit; in pointing out in the spiritual expression of all terrestrial things the fulness and overflowing of the Divinity, and in uttering from the depths of their divinely moved souls the sublime truths often revealed to those who are poorest in the wisdom of the world, and the most unfit for the marshalling of its affairs.

M. M.

A DIALOGUE.

POET. CRITIC.

Poet. Approach me not, man of cold, steadfast eye and compressed lips. At thy coming nature shrouds herself in dull mist; fain would she hide her sighs and smiles, her buds and fruits even in a veil of snow. For thy unkindly breath, as it pierces her mystery, destroys its creative power. The birds draw back into their nests, the sunset hues into their clouds, when you are seen in the distance with your tablets all ready to write them into prose.

Critic. O my brother, my benefactor, do not thus repel me. Interpret me rather to our common mother; let her not avert her eyes from a younger child. I know I can never be dear to her as thou art, yet I am her child, nor would the fated revolutions of existence be fulfilled without my aid.

Poet. How meanest thou? What have thy measurements, thy artificial divisions and classifications to do with the natural revolutions? In all real growths there is a "give and take" of unerring accuracy; in all the acts of thy life there is falsity, for all are negative. Why do you not receive and produce in your kind, like the sunbeam and the rose? Then new life would be brought out, were it but the life of a weed, to bear witness to the healthful beatings of the divine heart. But this perpetual analysis, comparison, and classification never add one atom to the sum of existence.

Critic. I understand you.

Poet. Yes, that is always the way. You understand me, who never have the arrogance to pretend that I understand myself.

Critic. Why should you? — that is my province. I am the rock which gives you back the echo. I am the tuning-key, which harmonizes your instrument, the regulator to your watch. Who would speak, if no ear heard? nay, if no mind knew what the ear heard?

Poet. I do not wish to be heard in thought but in love, to be recognised in judgment but in life. I would pour forth my melodies to the rejoicing winds. I would scatter

my seed to the tender earth. I do not wish to hear in prose the meaning of my melody. I do not wish to see my seed neatly put away beneath a paper label. Answer in new pœans to the soul of our souls. Wake me to sweeter childhood by a fresher growth. At present you are but an excrescence produced by my life; depart, self-conscious Egotist, I know you not.

Critic. Dost thou so adore Nature, and yet deny me? Is not Art the child of Nature, Civilization of Man? As Religion into Philosophy, Poetry into Criticism, Life into Science, Love into Law, so did thy lyric in natural order transmute itself into my review.

Poet. Review! Science! the very etymology speaks. What is gained by looking again at what has already been seen? What by giving a technical classification to what is already assimilated with the mental life?

Critic. What is gained by living at all?

Poet. Beauty loving itself, — Happiness!

Critic. Does not this involve consciousness?

Poet. Yes! consciousness of Truth manifested in the individual form.

Critic. Since consciousness is tolerated, how will you limit it?

Poet. By the instincts of my nature, which rejects yours as arrogant and superfluous.

Critic. And the dictate of my nature compels me to the processes which you despise, as essential to my peace. My brother (for I will not be rejected) I claim my place in the order of nature. The word descended and became flesh for two purposes, to organize itself, and to take cognizance of its organization. When the first Poet worked alone, he paused between the cantos to proclaim, "It is very good." Dividing himself among men, he made some to create, and others to proclaim the merits of what is created.

Poet. Well! if you were content with saying, "it is very good"; but you are always crying, "it is very bad," or ignorantly prescribing how it might be better. What do you know of it? Whatever is good could not be otherwise than it is. Why will you not take what suits you, and leave the rest? True communion of thought is worship, not criticism. Spirit will not flow through the sluices nor endure the locks of canals.

Critic. There is perpetual need of protestantism in every church. If the church be catholic, yet the priest is not infallible. Like yourself, I sigh for a perfectly natural state, in which the only criticism shall be tacit rejection, even as Venus glides not into the orbit of Jupiter, nor do the fishes seek to dwell in fire. But as you soar towards this as a Maker, so do I toil towards the same aim as a Seeker. Your pinions will not upbear you towards it in steady flight. I must often stop to cut away the brambles from my path. The law of my being is on me, and the ideal standard seeking to be realized in my mind bids me demand perfection from all I see. To say how far each object answers this demand is my criticism.

Poet. If one object does not satisfy you, pass on to another, and say nothing.

Critic. It is not so that it would be well with me. I must penetrate the secret of my wishes, verify the justice of my reasonings. I must examine, compare, sift, and winnow; what can bear this ordeal remains to me as pure gold. I cannot pass on till I know what I feel and why. An object that defies my utmost rigor of scrutiny is a new step on the stair I am making to the Olympian tables.

Poet. I think you will not know the gods when you get there, if I may judge from the cold presumption I feel in your version of the great facts of literature.

Critic. Statement of a part always looks like ignorance, when compared with the whole, yet may promise the whole. Consider that a part implies the whole, as the everlasting No the everlasting Yes, and permit to exist the shadow of your light, the register of your inspiration.

As he spake the word he paused, for with it his companion vanished, and floating on the cloud left a starry banner with the inscription "Afflatur Numine." The Critic unfolded one on whose flag-staff he had been leaning. Its heavy folds of pearly gray satin slowly unfolding, gave to view the word Notitia, and *Causarum* would have followed, when a sudden breeze from the west caught it, those heavy folds fell back round the poor man, and stifled him probably, — at least he has never since been heard of.

F.

THOUGHTS ON LABOR.

"God has given each man a back to be clothed, a mouth to be filled, and a pair of hands to work with." And since wherever a mouth and a back are created a pair of hands also is provided, the inference is unavoidable, that the hands are to be used to supply the needs of the mouth and the back. Now, as there is one mouth to each pair of hands, and each mouth must be filled, it follows quite naturally, that if a single pair of hands refuses to do its work, then the mouth goes hungry, or, which is worse, the work is done by other hands. In the one case, the supply failing, an inconvenience is suffered, and the man dies; in the other he eats and wears the earnest of another man's work, and so a wrong is inflicted. The law of nature is this, "If a man will not work neither shall he eat." Still further, God has so beautifully woven together the web of life, with its warp of Fate, and its woof of Free-will, that in addition to the result of a man's duty, when faithfully done, there is a satisfaction and recompense in the very discharge thereof. In a rational state of things, Duty and Delight travel the same road, sometimes hand in hand. Labor has an agreeable end, in the result we gain; but the means also are agreeable, for there are pleasures in the work itself. These unexpected compensations, the gratuities and stray-gifts of Heaven are scattered abundantly in life. Thus the kindness of our friends, the love of our children is of itself worth a thousand times all the pains we take on their account. Labor, in like manner, has a reflective action, and gives the working man a blessing over and above the natural result which he looked for. The duty of labor is written on man's body, in the stout muscle of the arm and the delicate machinery of the hand. That it is congenial to our nature appears from the alacrity with which children apply themselves to it and find pleasure in the work itself, without regard to its use. The young duck does not more naturally betake itself to the water, than the boy to the work which goes on around him. There is some work, which even the village sluggard and the city fop love to do, and that only can they do well. These two latter facts show that labor, in some degree, is

no less a pleasure than a duty, and prove, that man is not by nature a lazy animal who is forced by Hunger to dig and spin.

Yet there are some who count labor a curse and a punishment. They regard the necessity of work, as the greatest evil brought on us by the "Fall;" as a curse that will cling to our last sand. Many submit to this yoke, and toil, and save, in hope to leave their posterity out of the reach of this primitive curse.

Others, still more foolish, regard it as a disgrace. Young men,—the children of honest parents, who living by their manly and toil-hardened hands, bear up the burthen of the world on their shoulders, and eat with thankful hearts their daily bread, won in the sweat of their face,—are ashamed of their fathers' occupation, and forsaking the plough, the chisel, or the forge, seek a livelihood in what is sometimes named a more respectable and genteel vocation; that is in a calling which demands less of the hands, and quite often less of the head likewise, than their fathers' hardy craft; for that imbecility, which drives men to those callings has its seat mostly in a higher region than the hands. Affianced damsels beg their lovers to discover (or invent) some ancestor in buckram who did not work. The Sophomore in a small college is ashamed of his father who wears a blue frock, and his dusty brother who toils with the saw and the axe. These men, after they have wiped off the dirt and soot of their early life, sometimes become arrant coxcombs, and standing like the heads of Hermes without hands, having only a mouth, make faces at such as continue to serve the state by plain handiwork. Some one relates an anecdote which illustrates quite plainly this foolish desire of young men to live without work. It happened in one of our large towns, that a Shopkeeper and a Blacksmith, both living in the same street, advertised for an apprentice on the same day. In a given time fifty beardless youngsters applied to the Haberdasher, and not one to the Smith. But this story has a terrible moral, namely, that forty-nine out of the fifty were disappointed at the outset.

It were to be wished that this notion of labor being disgraceful was confined to vain young men and giddy maidens of idle habits and weak heads, for then it would be

looked upon as one of the diseases of early life, which we know must come, and rejoice when our young friends have happily passed through it, knowing it is one of "the ills that flesh is heir to," but is not very grievous, and comes but once in the lifetime. This aversion to labor, this notion that it is a curse and a disgrace, this selfish desire to escape from the general and natural lot of man, is the sacramental sin of "the better class" in our great cities. The children of the poor pray to be rid of it, and what son of a rich man learns a trade or tills the soil with his own hands? Many men look on the ability to be idle as the most desirable and honorable ability. They glory in being the Mouth that consumes, not the Hand that works. Yet one would suppose a man of useless hands and idle head, in the midst of God's world, where each thing works for all; in the midst of the toil and sweat of the human race, must needs make an apology for his sloth, and would ask pardon for violating the common law, and withdrawing his neck from the general yoke of humanity. Still more does he need an apology, if he is active only in getting into his hands the result of others' work. But it is not so. The man who is rich enough to be idle values himself on his leisure, and what is worse, others value him for it. Active men must make a shamefaced excuse for being busy, and working men for their toil, as if business and toil were not the Duty of all and the support of the world. In certain countries men are divided horizontally into two classes, the men who WORK and the men who RULE, and the latter despise the employment of the former as mean and degrading. It is the slave's duty to plough, said a Heathen poet, and a freeman's business to enjoy at leisure the fruit of that ploughing. This same foolish notion finds favor with many here. It is a remnant of those barbarous times, when all labor was performed by serfs and bondsmen, and exemption from toil was the exclusive sign of the free-born. But this notion, that labor is disgraceful, conflicts as sharply with our political institutions, as it does with common sense, and the law God has writ on man. An old author centuries before Christ was so far enlightened on this point, as to see the true dignity of manual work, and to say, "God is well pleased with honest works; he suffers the laboring man, who ploughs the earth by night and day,

to call his life most noble. If he is good and true, he offers continual sacrifice to God, and is not so lustrous in his dress as in his heart."

Manual labor is a blessing and a dignity. But to state the case on its least favorable issue, admit it were both a disgrace and a curse, would a true man desire to escape it for himself, and leave the curse to fall on other men? Certainly not. The generous soldier fronts death, and charges in the cannon's mouth; it is the coward who lingers behind. If labor were hateful, as the proud would have us believe, then they who bear its burthens, and feed and clothe the human race, and fetch and carry for them, should be honored as those have always been, who defend society in war. If it be glorious, as the world fancies, to repel a human foe, how much more is he to be honored who stands up when Want comes upon us, like an armed man, and puts him to rout? One would fancy the world was mad, when it bowed in reverence to those who by superior cunning possessed themselves of the earnings of others, while it made wide the mouth and drew out the tongue at such as do the world's work. "Without these," said an ancient, "cannot a city be inhabited, but they shall not be sought for in public council, nor sit high in the congregation;" and those few men and women who are misnamed the World, in their wisdom have confirmed the saying. Thus they honor those who sit in idleness and ease; they extol such as defend a state with arms, or those who collect in their hands the result of Asiatic or American industry, but pass by with contempt the men who rear corn and cattle, and weave and spin, and fish and build for the whole human race. Yet if the state of labor were so hard and disgraceful as some fancy, the sluggard in fine raiment and the trim figure — which, like the lilies in the Scripture, neither toils nor spins, and is yet clothed in more glory than Solomon — would both bow down before Colliers and Farmers, and bless them as the benefactors of the race. Christianity has gone still farther, and makes a man's greatness consist in the amount of service he renders to the world. Certainly he is the most honorable who by his head or his hand does the greatest and best work for his race. The noblest soul the world ever saw appeared not in the ranks of the indolent; but "took on him the

form of a servant," and when he washed his disciples' feet, meant something not very generally understood perhaps in the nineteenth century.

Now manual labor, though an unavoidable duty, though designed as a blessing, and naturally both a pleasure and a dignity, is often abused, till, by its terrible excess, it becomes really a punishment and a curse. It is only a proper amount of work that is a blessing. Too much of it wears out the body before its time; cripples the mind, debases the soul, blunts the senses, and chills the affections. It makes the man a spinning jenny, or a ploughing machine, and not "a being of a large discourse, that looks before and after." He ceases to be a man, and becomes a thing.

In a rational and natural state of society,—that is, one in which every man went forwards toward the true end he was designed to reach, towards perfection in the use of all his senses, towards perfection in wisdom, virtue, affection, and religion, — labor would never interfere with the culture of what was best in each man. His daily business would be a school to aid in developing the whole man, body and spirit, because he would then do what nature fitted him to do. Thus his business would be really his calling. The diversity of gifts is quite equal to the diversity of work to be done. There is some one thing which each man can do with pleasure, and better than any other man, because he was born to do it. Then all men would labor, each at his proper vocation, and an excellent farmer would not be spoiled to make a poor lawyer, a blundering physician, or a preacher, who puts the world asleep. Then a small body of men would not be pampered in indolence, to grow up into gouty worthlessness, and die of inertia; nor would the large part of men be worn down as now by excessive toil before half their life is spent. They would not be so severely tasked as to have no time to read, think, and converse. When he walked abroad, the laboring man would not be forced to catch mere transient glimpses of the flowers by the way side, or the stars over his head, as the dogs, it is said, drink the waters of the Nile, running while they drink, afraid the crocodiles should seize them if they stop. When he looked from his window at the landscape, Distress need not stare at him from every bush.

He would then have leisure to cultivate his mind and heart no less than to do the world's work.

In labor as in all things beside, moderation is the law. If a man transgresses and becomes intemperate in his work, and does nothing but toil with the hand, he must suffer. We educate and improve only the faculties we employ, and cultivate most what we use the oftenest. But if some men are placed in such circumstances that they can use only their hands, who is to be blamed if they are ignorant, vicious, and without God? Certainly not they. Now it is a fact, notorious as the sun at noon-day, that such are the circumstances of many men. As society advances in refinement, more labor is needed to supply its demands, for houses, food, apparel, and other things must be refined and luxurious. It requires more work, therefore, to fill the mouth and clothe the back, than in simpler times. To aggravate the difficulty, some escape from their share of this labor, by superior intelligence, shrewdness, and cunning, others by fraud and lies, or by inheriting the result of these qualities in their ancestors. So their share of the common burthen, thus increased, must be borne by other hands, which are laden already with more than enough. Still farther, this class of mouths, forgetting how hard it is to work, and not having their desires for the result of labor checked by the sweat necessary to satisfy them, but living vicariously by other men's hands, refuse to be content with the simple gratification of their natural appetites. So Caprice takes the place of Nature, and must also be satisfied. Natural wants are few, but to artificial desires there is no end. When each man must pay the natural price, and so earn what he gets, the hands stop the mouth, and the soreness of the toil corrects the excess of desire, and if it do not, none has cause of complaint, for the man's desire is allayed by his own work. Thus if Absalom wishes for sweet cakes, the trouble of providing them checks his extravagant or unnatural appetite. But when the Mouth and Hand are on different bodies, and Absalom can coax his sister, or bribe his friend, or compel his slave to furnish him dainties, the natural restraint is taken from appetite, and it runs to excess. Fancy must be appeased; peevishness must be quieted; and so a world of work is needed to bear the

burthens which those men bind, and lay on men's shoulders, but will not move with one of their fingers. The class of Mouths thus commits a sin, which the class of Hands must expiate.

Thus by the treachery of one part of society, in avoiding their share of the work; by their tyranny in increasing the burthen of the world, an evil is produced quite unknown in a simpler state of life, and a man of but common capacities not born to wealth, in order to insure a subsistence for himself and his family, must work with his hands so large a part of his time, that nothing is left for intellectual, moral, æsthetic, and religious improvement. He cannot look at the world, talk with his wife, read his Bible, nor pray to God, but Poverty knocks at the door, and hurries him to his work. He is rude in mind before he begins his work, and his work does not refine him. Men have attempted long enough to wink this matter out of sight, but it will not be put down. It may be worse in other countries, but it is bad enough in New England, as all men know who have made the experiment. There must be a great sin somewhere in that state of society, which allows one man to waste day and night in sluggishness or riot, consuming the bread of whole families, while from others, equally well-gifted and faithful, it demands twelve, or sixteen, or even eighteen hours of hard work out of the twenty-four, and then leaves the man so weary and worn, that he is capable of nothing but sleep, — sleep that is broken by no dream. Still worse is it when this life of work begins so early, that the man has no fund of acquired knowledge on which to draw for mental support in his hours of toil. To this man the blessed night is for nothing but work and sleep, and the Sabbath day simply what Moses commanded, a day of bodily rest for Man as for his Ox and his Ass. Man was sent into this world to use his best faculties in the best way, and thus reach the high end of a man. How can he do this while so large a part of his time is spent in unmitigated work? Truly he cannot. Hence we see, that while in all other departments of nature each animal lives up to the measure of his organization, and with very rare exceptions becomes perfect after his kind, the greater part of men are debased and belittled, shortened of half their days, and half their excellence, so

that you are surprised to find a man well educated whose whole life is hard work. Thus what is the exception in nature, through our perversity becomes the rule with man. Every Black-bird is a black-bird just as God designs; but how many men are only bodies? If a man is placed in such circumstances, that he can use only his hands, they only become broad and strong. If no pains be taken to obtain dominion over the flesh, the man loses his birthright, and dies a victim to the sin of society. No doubt there are men, born under the worst of circumstances, who have redeemed themselves from them, and obtained an excellence of intellectual growth, which is worthy of wonder; but these are exceptions to the general rule; men gifted at birth with a power almost superhuman. It is not from exceptions we are to frame the law.

Now to put forward the worst possible aspect of the case. Suppose that the present work of the world can only be performed at this sacrifice, which is the best, that the work should be done, as now, and seven tenths of men and women should, as the unavoidable result of their toil, be cursed with extremity of labor, and ignorance, and rudeness, and unmanly life, or that less of this work be done, and for the sake of a wide-spread and generous culture, we sleep less softly, dine on humbler food, dwell in mean houses, and wear leather like George Fox? There is no doubt what answer Common Sense, Reason, and Christianity would give to this question, for wisdom, virtue, and manhood are as much better than sumptuous dinners, fine apparel, and splendid houses, as the Soul is better than the Senses. But as yet we are slaves. The senses overlay the soul. We serve brass and mahogany and beef and porter. The class of Mouths oppresses the class of Hands, for the strongest and most cunning of the latter are continually pressing into the ranks of the former, and while they increase the demand for work, leave their own share of it to be done by others. Men and women of humble prospects in life, while building the connubial nest that is to shelter them and their children, prove plainly enough their thraldom to the senses, when such an outlay of upholstery and joiners' work is demanded, and so little is required that appeals to Reason, Imagination, and Faith. Yet when the mind demands little besides time, why

prepare so pompously for the senses, that she cannot have this, but must be cheated of her due? One might fancy he heard the stones cry out of the wall, in many a house, and say to the foolish people who tenant the dwelling,— "O, ye fools, is it from the work of the joiner, and the craft of those who are cunning in stucco and paint, and are skilful to weave and to spin, and work in marble and mortar, that you expect satisfaction and rest for your souls, while ye make no provision for what is noblest and immortal within you? But ye also have your reward!" The present state of things, in respect to this matter, has no such excellencies that it should not be changed. It is no law of God, that when Sin gets a footing in the world it should hold on forever, nor can Folly keep its dominion over society simply by right of "adverse possession." It were better the body went bare and hungry, rather than the soul should starve. Certainly the Life is more than the meat, though it would not weigh so much in the butcher's scales.

There are remedies at hand. It is true a certain amount of labor must be performed, in order that society be fed and clothed, warmed and comforted, relieved when sick, and buried when dead. If this is wisely distributed, if each performs his just portion, the burthen is slight, and crushes no one. Here, as elsewhere, the closer we keep to nature, the safer we are. It is not under the burthens of Nature that society groans, but the work of Caprice, of Ostentation, of contemptible Vanity, of Luxury, which is never satisfied, these oppress the world. If these latter are given up, and each performs what is due from him, and strives to diminish the general burthen and not add to it, then no man is oppressed, there is time enough for each man to cultivate what is noblest in him, and be all that his nature allows. It is doubtless right that one man should use the service of another; but only when both parties are benefited by the relation. The Smith may use the service of the Collier, the Grocer, and the Grazier, for he does them a service in return. He who heals the body deserves a compensation at the hands of whomsoever he serves. If the Painter, the Preacher, the Statesman, is doing a great work for mankind, he has a right to their service in return. His fellow man may do for him what otherwise he ought

to do for himself. Thus is he repaid, and is at liberty to devote the undivided energy of his genius to the work. But on what ground an idle man, who does nothing for society, or an active man, whose work is wholly selfish, can use the services of others, and call them to feed and comfort him, who repays no equivalent in kind, it yet remains for Reason to discover. The only equivalent for service is a service in return. If Hercules is stronger, Solon wiser, and Job richer than the rest of men, it is not that they may demand more of their fellows, but may do more for them. "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak," says a good man. In respect, however, to the matter of personal service, this seems to be the rule, that no one, whatever be his station, wants, attainments, or riches, has any right to receive from another any service which degrades the servant in his own eyes, or the eyes of the public, or in the eyes of him who receives the service. It is surely unmanly to receive a favor which you would not give. If it debases David to do a menial service for Ahud, then it debases Ahud just as much to do the same to David. The difference between King and Slave vanishes when both are examined from the height of their common humanity, just as the difference between the west and northwest side of a hair on the surface of the Earth is inconsiderable to an eye that looks down from the Sun, and takes in the whole system, though it might appear stupendous to the motes that swim uncounted in a drop of dew. But no work, useful or ornamental to human life, needs be debasing. It is the lasting disgrace of society, that the most useful employments are called "low." There is implied in this very term, the tacit confession, on the part of the employer, that he has wronged and subjugated the person who serves him, for when these same actions are performed by the mother for her child, or the son for his father, and are done for love and not money, they are counted not as low, but rather ennobling.

The Law of nature is, that work and the enjoyment of that work go together. Thus God has given each animal the power of self-help, and all necessary organs. The same Robin builds the nest and lives in it. Each Lion has claws and teeth, and kills his own meat. Every

Beaver has prudence and plastic skill, and so builds for himself. In those classes of animals where there is a division of labor, one brings the wax, another builds the comb, and a third collects the honey, but each one is at work. The drones are expelled when they work no more. Even the Ruler of the colony is the most active member of the state, and really the mother of the whole people. She is only "happy as a king," because she does the most work. Hence she has a divine right to her eminent station. She never eats the bread of sin. She is Queen of the Workers. Here each works for the good of all, and not solely for his own benefit. Still less is any one an injury to the others. In nature those animals that cannot work, are provided for by Love. Thus the young Lion is fed by the Parent, and the old Stork by its children. Were a full grown Lion so foolish that he would not hunt, the result is plain, he must starve. Now this is a foreshadowing of man's estate. God has given ten fingers for every two lips. Each is to use the ability he has for himself and for others. Who that is able will not return to society, with his head or his hand, an equivalent for what it received? Only the Sluggard and the Robber. These two, the Drones and Pirates of Society, represent a large class. It is the plain duty of each, so far as he is able, to render an equivalent for what he receives, and thus to work for the good of all; but each in his own way; Dorcas the seamstress at her craft, and Moses and Paul at theirs. If one cannot work through weakness, or infancy, or age, or sickness, — Love works for them, and they too are fed. If one will not work, though he can, the law of nature should have its effect. He ought to starve. If one insist simply upon getting into his hands the earnings of others, and adding nothing to the common stock, he is a robber, and should properly meet with the contempt and the stout resistance of society. There is in the whole world but a certain amount of value, out of which each one is to have a subsistence while here; for we are all but life-tenants of the Earth, which we hold in common. We brought nothing into it, we carry nothing out of it. No man, therefore, has a natural right to any more than he earns or can use. He who adds anything to the common stock and inheritance of the next age, though it be but a sheaf of wheat, or cocoon of silk he has pro-

duced, a napkin or a brown loaf he has made, is a benefactor to his race, so far as that goes. But he who gets into his hands, by force, cunning, or deceit, more than he earns, does thereby force his fellow mortal to accept less than his true share. So far as that goes, he is a curse to mankind.

There are three ways of getting wealth. First, by seizing with violence what is already in existence, and appropriating it to yourself. This is the method of the old Romans, of Robbers and Pirates, from Sciron to Captain Kidd. Second, by getting possession of goods in the way of traffic, or by some similar process. Here the agent is Cunning, and not Force; the instrument is a gold coin, and not an iron sword, as in the former case. This method is called Trade, as the other is named Robbery. But in both cases wealth is acquired by one party and lost by the other. In the first case there is a loss of positive value; in the latter there is no increase. The world gains nothing new by either. The third method is the application of labor and skill to the earth, or the productions of nature. Here is a positive increase of value. We have a dozen potatoes for the one that was planted, or an elegant dress instead of an handful of wool and flax. The two former classes consume much, but produce nothing. Of these the Roman says, "fruges consumere nati," *they are born to eat up the corn.* Yet in all ages they have been set in high places. The world dishonors its workmen, stones its prophets, crucifies its Saviours, but bows down its neck before wealth, however won, and shouts till the welkin rings again, LONG LIVE VIOLENCE AND FRAUD.

The world has always been partial to its oppressors. Many men fancy themselves an ornament to the world, whose presence in it is a disgrace and a burthen to the ground they stand on. The man who does nothing for the race, but sits at his ease, and fares daintily, because wealth has fallen into his hands, is a burthen to the world. He may be a polished gentleman, a scholar, the master of elegant accomplishments, but so long as he takes no pains to work for man, with his head or his hands, what claim has he to respect, or even a subsistence? The rough-handed woman, who with a salt-fish and a basket of vegetables provides substantial food for a dozen working men, and

washes their apparel, and makes them comfortable and happy, is a blessing to the land, though she have no education, while this fop with his culture and wealth is a curse. She does her duty so far as she sees it, and so deserves the thanks of man. But every oyster or berry that fop has eaten, has performed its duty better than he. "It was made to support human nature, and it has done so," while he is but a consumer of food and clothing. That public opinion tolerates such men is no small marvel.

The productive classes of the world are those who bless it by their work or their thought. He who invents a machine, does no less a service than he who toils all day with his hands. Thus the inventors of the plough, the loom, and the ship were deservedly placed among those society was to honor. But they also, who teach men moral and religious truth, who give them dominion over the world; instruct them to think; to live together in peace, to love one another, and pass good lives enlightened by Wisdom, charmed by Goodness, and enchanted by Religion; they who build up a loftier population, making man more manly, are the greatest benefactors of the world. They speak to the deepest wants of the soul, and give men the water of life and the true bread from Heaven. They are loaded with contumely in their life, and come to a violent end. But their influence passes like morning from land to land, and village and city grow glad in their light. That is a poor economy, common as it is, which overlooks these men. It is a very vulgar mind, that would rather Paul had continued a tent-maker, and Jesus a carpenter.

Now the remedy for the hard service that is laid upon the human race consists partly in lessening the number of unproductive classes, and increasing the workers and thinkers, as well as in giving up the work of Ostentation and Folly and Sin. It has been asserted on high authority, that if all men and women capable of work would toil diligently but two hours out of the twenty-four, the work of the world would be done, and all would be as comfortably fed and clothed, as well educated and housed, and provided for in general, as they now are, even admitting they all went to sleep the other twenty-two hours of the day and night. If this were done, we should hear nothing of the sickness of sedentary and rich men. Exercise for

the sake of health would be heard of no more. One class would not be crushed by hard work, nor another oppressed by indolence, and condemned, in order to resist the just vengeance nature takes on them, to consume nauseous drugs, and resort to artificial and hateful methods to preserve a life that is not worth the keeping, because it is useless and ignominious. Now men may work at the least three or four times this necessary amount each day, and yet find their labor a pastime, a dignity, and a blessing, and find likewise abundant opportunity for study, for social intercourse, and recreation. Then if a man's calling were to think and write, he would not injure the world by even excessive devotion to his favorite pursuit, for the general burthen would still be slight.

Another remedy is this, the mind does the body's work. The head saves the hands. It invents machines, which, doing the work of many hands, will at last set free a large portion of leisure time from slavery to the elements. The brute forces of nature lie waiting man's command, and ready to serve him. At the voice of Genius, the river consents to turn his wheel, and weave and spin for the antipodes. The mine sends him iron Vassals, to toil in cold and heat. Fire and Water embrace at his bidding, and a new servant is born, which will fetch and carry at his command; will face down all the storms of the Atlantic; will forge anchors, and spin gossamer threads, and run of errands up and down the continent with men and women on his back. This last child of Science, though yet a stripling and in leading strings, is already a stout giant. The Fable of Orpheus is a true story in our times. There are four stages of progress in regard to labor, which are observable in the history of man. First, he does his own work by his hands. Adam tills the ground in the sweat of his own face, and Noah builds an ark in many years of toil. Next he forces his fellow mortal to work for him, and Canaan becomes a servant to his brother, and Job is made rich by the sweat of his great household of slaves. Then he seizes on the beasts, and the Bull and the Horse drag the plough of Castor and Pollux. At last he sets free his brother, works with his own hands, commands the beasts, and makes the brute force of the elements also toil for him. Then he has dominion over the earth, and enjoys his birthright.

Man, however, is still in bondage to the elements; and since the beastly maxim is even now prevalent, that the Strong should take care of themselves, and use the weak as their tools, though to the manifest injury of the weak, the use of machinery has hitherto been but a trifling boon in comparison with what it may be. In the village of Humdrum, its thousand able-bodied men and women, without machinery, and having no intercourse with the rest of the world, must work fourteen hours out of the twenty-four, that they may all be housed, fed, and clothed, warmed, instructed, and made happy. Some ingenious hands invent water-mills, which saw, plane, thrash, grind, spin, weave, and do many other things, so that these thousand people need work but five hours in the day to obtain the result of fourteen by the old process. Here then a vast amount of time — nine hours in the day — is set free from toil. It may be spent in study, social improvement, the pursuit of a favorite art, and leave room for amusement also. But the longest heads at Humdrum have not Christian but only selfish hearts beating in their bosoms, and sending life into the brain. So these calculators think the men of Humdrum shall work fourteen hours a day as before. "It would be dangerous," say they, "to set free so much time. The deluded creatures would soon learn to lie and steal, and would speedily end by eating one another up. It would not be Christian to leave them to this fate. Leisure is very good for us, but would be ruinous to them." So the wise men of Humdrum persuade their neighbors to work the old fourteen hours. More is produced than is consumed. So they send off the superfluities of the village, and in return bring back tea and porcelain, rich wines, and showy gew-gaws, and contemptible fashions that change every month. The strong-headed men grow rich; live in palaces; their daughters do not work, nor their sons dirty their hands. They fare sumptuously every day; are clothed in purple and fine linen. Meanwhile the common people of Humdrum work as long as before the machines were invented, and a little harder. They also are blest by the "improvement." The young women have red ribbons on their bonnets, French gloves on their hands, and shawls of India on their shoulders, and "tinkling ornaments" in their ears. The young man of Humdrum is

better off than his father who fought through the Revolution, for he wears a beaver hat, and a coat of English cloth, and has a Birmingham whittle, and a watch in his pocket. When he marries he will buy red curtains to his windows, and a showy mirror to hang on his wall. For these valuable considerations he parts with the nine hours a day, which machinery has saved; but has no more bread than before. For these blessings he will make his body a slave, and leave his mind all uncultivated. He is content to grow up a body — nothing but a body. So that if you look therein for his Understanding, Imagination, Reason, you will find them like three grains of wheat in three bushels of chaff. You shall seek them all day before you find them, and at last they are not worth your search. At Humdrum, Nature begins to revolt at the factitious inequality of condition, and thinks it scarce right for bread to come fastest into hands that add nothing to the general stock. So many grow restless and a few pilfer. In a ruder state crimes are few: — the result of violent passions. At Humdrum they are numerous; — the result of want, indolence, or neglected education; they are in great measure crimes against property. To remedy this new and unnatural evil, there rises a Court-house and a Jail, which must be paid for in work; then Judges and Lawyers and Jailors are needed likewise in this artificial state, and add to the common burthen. The old Athenians sent yearly seven beautiful youths and virgins: — a tribute to the Minotaur. The wise men of Humdrum shut up in Jail a larger number: — a sacrifice to the spirit of modern cupidity; unfortunate wretches, who were the victims not the foes of society; men so weak in head or heart, that their bad character was formed FOR them, through circumstances far more than it was formed BY them, through their own free-will. Still farther, the men who violate the law of the body, using the Mouth much and the Hand little, or in the opposite way, soon find Nature taking vengeance for the offence. Then unnatural remedies must oppose the artificial disease. In the old time, every sickly dunce was cured "with Motherwort and Tansey," which grew by the road-side, suited all complaints, and was administered by each mother in the village. Now Humdrum has its "medical faculty," with their conflicting systems, homoeo-

pathic and allopathic, but no more health than before. Thus the burthen is increased to little purpose. The strong men of Humdrum have grown rich and become educated. If one of the laboring men is stronger than his fellows, he also will become rich, and educate his children. He becomes rich, not by his own work, but by using the hands of others whom his cunning overreaches. Yet he is not more avaricious than they. He has perhaps the average share of selfishness, but superior adroitness to gratify that selfishness. So he gets and saves, and takes care of himself; a part of their duty, which the strong have always known how to perform, though the more difficult part, how to take care of others, to think for them, and help them to think for themselves, they have yet to learn, at least to practise. Alas, we are still in bondage to the elements, and so long as two of the "enlightened" nations of the earth, England and America, insist on weaving the garments for all the rest of the world, not because they would clothe the naked, but that their strong men might live in fine houses, wear gay apparel, dine on costly food, and their Mouths be served by other men's Hands, we must expect that seven tenths of mankind will be degraded, and will hug their chains, and count machinery an evil. Is not the only remedy for all the evils at Humdrum in the Christian idea of wealth, and the Christian idea of work?

There is a melancholy back ground to the success and splendid achievements of modern society. You see it in rural villages, but more plainly in large cities, where the amount of Poverty and Wealth is summed up as in a table of statistics, and stands in two parallel columns. The wretchedness of a destitute mother contrasts sadly with a warehouse, whence she is excluded by a single pane of glass, as cold as popular charity and nearly as thin. The comfortless hutch of the poor, who works, though with shiftless hands and foolish head, is a dark back ground to the costly stable of the rich man, who does nothing for the world, but gather its treasures, and whose horses are better fed, housed, trained up, and cared for than his brother. It is a strange relief to the church of God, that, with thick granite walls, towers up to Heaven near by. One cannot but think, in view of the suffering there is in the

world, that most of it is the fault of some one; that God, who made men's bodies, is no bankrupt, and does not pay off a penny of Satisfaction for a pound of Want, but has made enough and to spare for all his creatures, if they will use it wisely. Who does not sometimes remember that saying, Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these, you have done it unto me?

The world no doubt grows better; comfort is increased from age to age. What is a luxury in one generation, scarce attainable by the wealthy, becomes at last the possession of most men. Solomon with all his wealth had no carpet on his chamber floor, no glass in his windows, nor shirt to his back. But as the world goes, the increase of comforts does not fall chiefly into the hands of those who create them by their work. The mechanic cannot use the costly furniture he makes. This, however, is of small consequence, but he has not always the more valuable consideration, TIME TO GROW WISER AND BETTER IN. As society advances, the standard of poverty rises. A man in New England is called poor at this day, who would have been rich a hundred and fifty years ago; but as it rises, the number that falls beneath that standard becomes a greater part of the whole population. Of course the comfort of a few is purchased by the loss of the many. The world has grown rich and refined, but chiefly by the efforts of those who themselves continue poor and ignorant. So the Ass, while he carried wood and spices to the Roman bath, contributed to the happiness of the State, but was himself always dirty and overworked. It is easy to see these evils, and weep for them. It is common also to censure some one class of men — the Rich or the Educated, the Manufacturers, the Merchants, or the Politicians, for example — as if the sin rested solely with them, while it belongs to society at large. But the world yet waits for some one to heal these dreadful evils, by devising some new remedy, or applying the old. Who shall apply for us Christianity to social life?

But God orders all things wisely. Perhaps it is best that man should toil on some centuries more before the race becomes of age, and capable of receiving its birthright. Every wrong must at last be righted, and he who has borne the burthen of society in this ephemeral life, and tasted none

of its rewards, and he also, who has eaten its loaves and fishes and yet earned nothing, will no doubt find an equivalent at last in the scales of divine Justice. Doubtless the time will come when labor will be a pleasant pastime, when the sour sweat and tears of life shall be wiped away from many faces; when the few shall not be advanced at the expense of the many; when ten pairs of female hands shall not be deformed to nurse a single pair into preternatural delicacy, but when all men shall eat bread in the sweat of their face, and yet find leisure to cultivate what is best and divinest in their souls, to a degree we do not dream of as yet; when the strong man who wishes to be a Mouth and not a Hand, or to gain the treasures of society by violence or cunning, and not by paying their honest price, will be looked upon with the same horror we feel for pirates and robbers, and the guardians who steal the inheritance of their wards, and leave them to want and die. No doubt it is a good thing that four or five men out of the thousand should find time, exemption from labor, and wealth likewise to obtain a generous education of their Head and Heart and Soul, but it is a better thing, it is alone consistent with God's law, that the world shall be managed, so that each man shall have a chance to obtain the best education society can give him, and while he toils, to become the best and greatest his nature is capable of being, in this terrene sphere. Things never will come to their proper level so long as Thought with the Head, and Work with the Hands are considered incompatible. Never till all men follow the calling they are designed for by nature, and it becomes as common for a rich man's son to follow a trade as now it is happily for a poor man's to be rich. Labor will always be unattractive and disgraceful, so long as wealth unjustly obtained is a distinction, and so long as the best cultivation of a man is thought inconsistent with the life of the farmer and the tailor. As things now are, men desert a laborious occupation for which they are fitted, and have a natural fondness, and seek bread and honor in the "learned professions," for which they have neither ability nor taste, solely because they seek a generous education, which is thought inconsistent with a life of hard work. Thus strong heads desert the plough and the anvil, to come into a profession which they dislike, and

then to find their Duty pointing one way and their Desire another. Thus they attempt to live two lives at the same time, and fail of both, as he who would walk eastward and westward at the same time makes no progress.

Now the best education and the highest culture, in a rational state of society, does not seem inconsistent with a life of hard work. It is not a figure of speech, but a plain fact, that a man is educated by his trade, or daily calling. Indirectly, Labor ministers to the wise man intellectual, moral, and spiritual instruction, just as it gives him directly his daily bread. Under its legitimate influence, the frame acquires its due proportions and proper strength. To speak more particularly, the work of a farmer, for example, is a school of mental discipline. He must watch the elements; must understand the nature of the soil he tills; the character and habits of the plants he rears; the character and disposition of each animal that serves him as a living instrument. Each day makes large claims on him for knowledge, and sound judgment. He is to apply good sense to the soil. Now these demands tend to foster the habit of observing and judging justly; to increase thought, and elevate the man. The same may be said of almost all trades. The sailor must watch the elements, and have all his knowledge and faculties at command, for his life often depends on having "the right thought at the right time." Judgment and decision are thus called forth. The education men derive from their trade is so striking, that craftsmen can express almost any truth, be it never so deep and high, in the technical terms of the "shop." The humblest business may thus develop the noblest power of thinking. So a trade may be to the man in some measure what the school and the college are to the scholar. The wise man learns more from his corn and cattle, than the stupid pedant from all the folios of the Vatican. The habit of thinking thus acquired is of more value than the greatest number of thoughts learned by rote, and labelled for use.

But an objection may readily be brought to this view, and it may be asked, why then are not the farmers as a class so well instructed as the class of lawyers? Certainly there may be found farmers who are most highly educated. Men of but little acquaintance with books, yet men of thought, observation, and sound judgment. Scholars are ashamed

before them when they meet, and blush at the homely wisdom, the acute analysis, the depth of insight and breadth of view displayed by laborers in blue frocks. But these cases are exceptions. These men were geniuses of no mean order, and would be great under any circumstances. It must be admitted, that, as a general rule, the man who works is not so well educated as the lawyer. But the difference between them rises not so much from any difference in the two callings, as from this circumstance, that the lawyer enters his profession with a large fund of knowledge and the habits of intellectual discipline, which the farmer has not. He therefore has the advantage so long as he lives. If two young men of the same age and equal capacity were to receive the same education till they were twenty years old, both taking proper physical exercise at the same time, and one of them should then spend three years in learning the science of the Law, the other in the science of the Farm, and then both should enter the full practice of the two callings, each having access to books if he wished for them, and educated men and women, can any one doubt that the farmer, at the age of forty, would be the better educated man of the two? The trade teaches as much as the profession, and it is as well known that almost every farmer has as much time for general reading as the lawyer, and better opportunity for thought, since he can think of what he will when at his work, while the lawyer's work demands his thought all the time he is in it. The farmer would probably have the more thoughts; the lawyer the more elegant words. If there is any employ ment which degrades the man who is *always* engaged in it, cannot many bear the burthen — each a short time — and so no one be crushed to the ground?

Morality, likewise, is taught by a trade. The man must have dealings with his fellows. The afflicted call for his sympathy; the oppressed for his aid. Vice solicits his rebuke, and virtue claims his commendation. If he buys and sells, he is presented with opportunities to defraud. He may conceal a fault in his work, and thus deceive his employer. So an appeal is continually made to his sense of Right. If faithful, he learns justice. It is only by this exposure to temptation, that virtue can be acquired. It is in the water that men learn to swim. Still more, a

man does not toil for himself alone, but for those dearest to his heart; this for his father; that for his child; and there are those who out of the small pittance of their daily earnings contribute to support the needy, print Bibles for the ignorant, and preach the gospel to the poor. Here the meanest work becomes Heroism. The man who toils for a principle ennobles himself by the act.

Still farther, Labor has a religious use. It has been well said, "an undevout astronomer is mad." But an undevout farmer, sailor, or mechanic, is equally mad, for the duties of each afford a school for his devotion. In respect to this influence, the farmer seems to stand on the very top of the world. The laws of nature are at work for him. For him the sun shines and the rain falls. The earth grows warm to receive his seed. The dew moistens it; the blade springs up and grows he knows not how, while all the stars come forth to keep watch over his rising corn. There is no second cause between him and the soul of all. Everything he looks on, from the earliest flowers of spring to the austere grandeurs of a winter sky at night, is the work of God's hand. The great process of growth and decay, change and reproduction, are perpetually before him. Day and Night, Serenity and Storm visit and bless him as they move. Nature's great works are done for no one in special; yet each man receives as much of the needed rain, and the needed heat, as if all rain and all heat were designed for his use alone. He labors, but it is not only the fruit of his labor that he eats. No; God's exhaustless Providence works for him; works with him. His laws warm and water the fields, replenishing the earth. Thus the Husbandman, whose eye is open, walks always in the temple of God. He sees the divine goodness and wisdom in the growth of a flower or a tree; in the nice adjustment of an insect's supplies to its demands; in the perfect contentment found everywhere in nature — for you shall search all day for a melancholy fly, yet never find one. The influence of all these things on an active and instructed mind is ennobling. The man seeks daily bread for the body, and gets the bread of life for the soul. Like his corn and his trees, his heart and mind are cultivated by his toil; for as Saul seeking his father's stray cattle found a kingdom, as stripling David was anointed king while keep-

ing a few sheep in the wilderness, and when sent to carry bread to his brothers in the camp slew a giant, and became monarch, so each man who with true motives, an instructed mind, and soul of tranquil devotion, goes to his daily work, however humble, may slay the giant Difficulty, and be anointed with gladness and possess the Kingdom of Heaven. In the lowliest calling he may win the loftiest result, as you may see the stars from the deepest valley as well as from the top of Chimborazo. But to realize this end the man must have some culture and a large capital of information at the outset; and then it is at a man's own option, whether his work shall be to him a blessing or a curse.

Parker.

THE OUT-BID.

Upon a precious shrine one day
I placed a gay and sweet bouquet,
The brightest flowers of my young thought
Were with its finest perfumes wrought,
And with a riband bound, whose hue
Emblemed a heart forever true.

Upon that shrine there also lay
A gorgeous, many-hued bouquet,
And every flower that told a thought
Was with a golden thread inwrought;
O, not so beauteous to mine eye,
As the love-knot which mine did tie.

I lingered what seemed ages there,
In hope that, answering to my prayer,
The cloud might ope, and show revealed
The form of her to whom I kneeled,
Then from that pure and jealous cloud
A lily hand its lustre showed,
And drew within the envious veil
The gift where gold made yellow pale.

I left my flowers to wither there —
That must they soon with my despair,
No more the pathway to that shrine
Shall know these wonted feet of mine;
I scorn my love's best gifts to bring
For an unworthy bargaining.

THEME FOR A WORLD-DRAMA.

THE MAIDEN — THE ADOPTED FATHER — THE ADOPTED MOTHER — THE LOVER.

I WOULD that we had spoke two words together,
For then it had gone right, but now all still, —
This perfect stillness fastens on my heart
Like night, — nothing can come of it.

Why art thou so sad?

O, I do not know.

But thou must know. Whoever knew not living
Some of his inner self; who had no consciousness
Of all his purposes, his doings, — will?
Why this we call the mind, what is it, save
A knowledge of ourselves?

I would it were so.

What were so?

Come — let us be alone awhile; I'm weary.

If you would be left, I'll leave you.

Do so, — I'm glad he's gone;
I think of him even when my guardian here,
So gentle and affectionate a man,
Would converse with me of myself. Alas!
And yet why do I say alas! — am I
Not happy in the depth of this my sorrowing,
The only treasure which is simply mine,
That watchful eye is now upon me, ever.
If I look abroad and recognise the forms
Of those familiar mountains, my brothers,
And see the trees soft-waving in the wind
This summer's day; — what then? I cannot, cannot!

One thing it is to have an outward life,
Another — such as mine.

Why is she then so sad?

Partly it is her nature to be so.
These delicate beings look not o'er
The earth and the rough surface of society,
As commoners. They breathe a finer air,
And their enraptured senses, sudden brought

Into harsh contact with the scaly folds
Of the enormous serpent, Sin, shatter;
As if a glass in which an image dwelt
Of an all-perfect seeming were rudely
On a bitter stone employed, smiting it
Into a million fragments. — She is of this breed,
This narrow suffrage in a world of dross
Of gold thrice molten, and it seems to me
That, with a strange peculiar care of love,
We should encompass her with lovely thoughts,
Forms breathing Italy in every bend,
Scarce enough products of our northern vale.

I feel that, although she is not our child,
We do regard her with a parent's love

But O, our love is a poor mockery
Of what that love had been. We do not live,
As marrow in the bone, within her life,
As parents had. Nature has ministered to these,
In such full kind; they are the double worlds,
As man, if truly wise, a twice-told tale,
First for himself, and then for Nature.
I am all aware that with what stress of mind
I strive to paint a parent's love for her
In my imagination, will drop short
O' the mark; I cannot sling the stone, as one
Who from his hand the whirling pebble sent
To dive into another's life.

Let us not despair!

This world is much too wide for that;
I pity him, the poor despairing man,
Who walks the teeming earth, — a solitude;
Who groans his soul away, as if it were
The conduit pipe of a dull city, or
The dreadful hum of oiled machinery,
Which from the doors, where starveling weavers ply
Their horrid toil, down to the sunset hour
Floats out upon the tune of all this visible love,
A clanging echo of the miser's shrieks.
Our very freedom is to be awake,
Alive to inspiration from the whole
Of a fair universe.

I feel myself, — I do not see myself;
But my particular nature masters me,
Even here, among these waving spirits
Who haunt the reedy banks of this calm river,
Lofty genial presences who fill their place,
Nor will displace a thought their long year lives.
I defy all but this, and this I must

Obey, — I cannot this defy. This is
The oracular parent of the child,
Whose simple look can wind him into tasks
Hateful and hated. — I did not wish
To love; I said, — here stands a man whose soul
The imprisoning forms of things shall master,
Not without a strife convulsed as death;
I stand upon an adamantine basis
Never to rock; I triumphed over much;
The whimperings of the youth I changed to words;
Nor scoffs, nor jeers, nor place, nor poverty
Gained footing in the scale of my design.
This girl came to me on a summer's day,
The day of my o'ermastery, which passes
From my mind but with my life. Up she rose
As the first revelation to the Poet's soul
Of his dear art, thenceforth to him his spring;
A radiance circled her with grace, as I
Have seen about the fronts of Raphael's
Time-defying saints, — a ring of glory,
Waxing immeasurably potent
In its symbolical form; her motion
Flung me to the ground in prayer, I hardly
Daring to translate my eyes again to hers,
Lest another glance would represent a thin
And shadowy lustre fading fast away.
At length, with breath suspended, looked again,
And there in very form she was. I felt
I know not what. I will not venture on a chance
That I may hit the sense of my expression,
Yet I was expressed; a copious sense
Of knowledge that my former mind of beauty
Was inconceivably blind, rushed through me;
A decided view of perfect loveliness,
Bore information of celestial heights,
At whose first inch I had thus far stood idle
Into the Ideal in my mind; there fixed
The simple surface of her body; the hair
Of tender brown, not negligent disposed,
The unrivalled tracing through her dress
Of a prodigious nature; her life
Glowed out in the embalming whiteness of her neck;
All that she is in fact came to me then,
And in me now finds ready utterance.

MAN THE REFORMER.

[A Lecture read before the Mechanics' Apprentices' Library Association, at the Masonic Temple, Boston, 25th January, 1841, and now published at their request. By R. W. Emerson.]

Mr. President, and Gentlemen,

I wish to offer to your consideration some thoughts on the particular and general relations of man as a reformer. I shall assume that the aim of each young man in this association is the very highest that belongs to a rational mind. Let it be granted, that our life, as we lead it, is common and mean; that some of those offices and functions for which we were mainly created are grown so rare in society, that the memory of them is only kept alive in old books and in dim traditions; that prophets and poets, that beautiful and perfect men, we are not now, no, nor have even seen such; that some sources of human instruction are almost unnamed and unknown among us; that the community in which we live will hardly bear to be told that every man should be open to ecstasy or a divine illumination, and his daily walk elevated by intercourse with the spiritual world. Grant all this, as we must, yet I suppose none of my auditors, — no honest and intelligent soul will deny that we ought to seek to establish ourselves in such disciplines and courses as will deserve that guidance and clearer communication with the spiritual nature. And further, I will not dissemble my hope, that each person whom I address has felt his own call to cast aside all evil customs, timidities, and limitations, and to be in his place a free and helpful man, a reformer, a benefactor, not content to slip along through the world like a footman or a spy, escaping by his nimbleness and apologies as many knocks as he can, but a brave and upright man, who must find or cut a straight road to everything excellent in the earth, and not only go honorably himself, but make it easier for all who follow him, to go in honor, and with benefit.

In the history of the world the doctrine of Reform had never such scope as at the present hour. Lutherans, Hernhutters, Jesuits, Monks, Quakers, Knox, Wesley, Swedenborg, Bentham, in their accusations of society, all

respected something, — church or state, literature or history, domestic usages, the market town, the dinner table, coined money. But now all these and all things else hear the trumpet and must rush to judgment, — Christianity, the laws, commerce, schools, the farm, the laboratory; and not a kingdom, town, statute, rite, calling, man, or woman, but is threatened by the new spirit.

What if some of the objections and objectors whereby our institutions are assailed are extreme and speculative, and the reformers tend to idealism; that only shows the extravagance of the abuses which have driven the mind into the opposite extreme. It is when your facts and persons grow unreal and fantastic by too much falsehood, that the scholar flies for refuge to the world of ideas, and aims to recruit and replenish nature from that source. Let ideas establish their legitimate sway again in society, let life be fair and poetic, and the scholars will gladly be lovers, citizens, and philanthropists.

It will afford no security from the new ideas, that the old nations, the laws of centuries, the property and institutions of a hundred cities, are all built on other foundations. The demon of reform has a secret door into the heart of every lawmaker, of every inhabitant of every city. The fact, that a new thought and hope have dawned in your breast, should apprise you that in the same hour a new light broke in upon a thousand private hearts. That secret which you would fain keep, — as soon as you go abroad, lo! there is one standing on the doorstep, to tell you the same. There is not the most bronzed and sharpened money-catcher, who does not, to your consternation almost, quail and shake the moment he hears a question prompted by the new ideas. We thought he had some semblance of ground to stand upon, that such as he at least would die hard, but he trembles and flees. Then the scholar says, 'Cities and coaches shall never impose on me again; for, behold every solitary dream of mine is rushing to fulfilment. That fancy I had and hesitated to utter because you would laugh, the broker, the attorney, the market-man are saying the same thing. Had I waited a day longer to speak, I had been too late. Behold, State Street thinks, and Wall Street doubts and begins to prophesy!'

It cannot be wondered at that this general inquest into abuses should arise in the bosom of society, when one considers the practical impediments that stand in the way of virtuous young men. The young man on entering life finds the ways to lucrative employments blocked with abuses. The ways of trade are grown selfish to the borders of theft, and supple to the borders (if not beyond the borders) of fraud. The employments of commerce are not intrinsically unfit for a man, or less genial to his faculties, but these are now in their general course so vitiated by derelictions and abuses at which all connive, that it requires more vigor and resources than can be expected of every young man, to right himself in them; he is lost in them; he cannot move hand or foot in them. Has he genius and virtue? the less does he find them fit for him to grow in, and if he would thrive in them, he must sacrifice all the brilliant dreams of boyhood and youth as dreams; he must forget the prayers of his childhood; and must take on him the harness of routine and obsequiousness. If not so minded, nothing is left him but to begin the world anew, as he does who puts the spade into the ground for food. We are all implicated, of course, in this charge; it is only necessary to ask a few questions as to the progress of the articles of commerce from the fields where they grew, to our houses, to become aware that we eat and drink and wear perjury and fraud in a hundred commodities. How many articles of daily consumption are furnished us from the West Indies; yet it is said, that, in the Spanish islands, the venality of the officers of the government has passed into usage, and that no article passes into our ships which has not been fraudulently cheapened. In the Spanish islands, every agent or factor of the Americans, unless he be a consul, has taken oath that he is a Catholic, or has caused a priest to make that declaration for him. The abolitionist has shown us our dreadful debt to the southern negro. In the island of Cuba, in addition to the ordinary abominations of slavery, it appears, only men are bought for the plantations, and one dies in ten every year, of these miserable bachelors, to yield us sugar. I leave for those who have the knowledge the part of sifting the oaths of our custom-houses; I will not inquire into the oppression of the sailors; I will not pry into the

usages of our retail trade. I content myself with the fact, that the general system of our trade, (apart from the blacker traits, which, I hope, are exceptions denounced and unshared by all reputable men,) is a system of selfishness; is not dictated by the high sentiments of human nature; is not measured by the exact law of reciprocity; much less by the sentiments of love and heroism, but is a system of distrust, of concealment, of superior keenness, not of giving but of taking advantage. It is not that which a man delights to unlock to a noble friend; which he meditates on with joy and self-approval in his hour of love and aspiration; but rather that which he then puts out of sight, only showing the brilliant result, and atoning for the manner of acquiring by the manner of expending it. I do not charge the merchant or the manufacturer. The sins of our trade belong to no class, to no individual. One plucks, one distributes, one eats. Every body partakes, every body confesses, — with cap and knee volunteers his confession, yet none feels himself accountable. He did not create the abuse; he cannot alter it; what is he? an obscure private person who must get his bread. That is the vice, — that no one feels himself called to act for man, but only as a fraction of man. It happens therefore that all such ingenuous souls as feel within themselves the irrepressible strivings of a noble aim, who by the law of their nature must act for man, find these ways of trade unfit for them, and they come forth from it. Such cases are becoming more numerous every year.

But by coming out of trade you have not cleared yourself. The trail of the serpent reaches into all the lucrative professions and practices of man. Each has its own wrongs. Each finds a tender and very intelligent conscience a disqualification for success. Each requires of the practitioner a certain shutting of the eyes, a certain dapperness and compliance, an acceptance of customs, a sequestration from the sentiments of generosity and love, a compromise of private opinion and lofty integrity. Nay, the evil custom reaches into the whole institution of property, until our laws which establish and protect it seem not to be the issue of love and reason, but of selfishness. Suppose a man is so unhappy as to be born a saint, with keen perceptions, but with the conscience and love of an

angel, and he is to get his living in the world; he finds himself excluded from all lucrative works; he has no farm, and he cannot get one; for, to earn money enough to buy one, requires a sort of concentration toward money, which is the selling himself for a number of years, and to him the present hour is as sacred and inviolable as any future hour. Of course, whilst another man has no land, my title to mine, your title to yours, is at once vitiated. Inextricable seem to be the twinings and tendrils of this evil, and we all involve ourselves in it the deeper by forming connexions, by wives and children, by benefits and debts.

It is considerations of this kind which have turned the attention of many philanthropic and intelligent persons to the claims of manual labor as a part of the education of every young man. If the accumulated wealth of the past generations is thus tainted, — no matter how much of it is offered to us, — we must begin to consider if it were not the nobler part to renounce it, and to put ourselves into primary relations with the soil and nature, and abstaining from whatever is dishonest and unclean, to take each of us bravely his part, with his own hands, in the manual labor of the world.

But it is said, 'What! will you give up the immense advantages reaped from the division of labor, and set every man to make his own shoes, bureau, knife, wagon, sails, and needle? This would be to put men back into barbarism by their own act.' I see no instant prospect of a virtuous revolution; yet I confess, I should not be pained at a change which threatened a loss of some of the luxuries or conveniencies of society, if it proceeded from a preference of the agricultural life out of the belief, that our primary duties as men could be better discharged in that calling. Who could regret to see a high conscience and a purer taste exercising a sensible effect on young men in their choice of occupation, and thinning the ranks of competition in the labors of commerce, of law, and of state? It is easy to see that the inconvenience would last but a short time. This would be great action, which always opens the eyes of men. When many persons shall have done this, when the majority shall admit the necessity of reform in all these institutions, their abuses will be redressed, and the way will be open again to the advantages

which arise from the division of labor, and a man may select the fittest employment for his peculiar talent again, without compromise.

But quite apart from the emphasis which the times give to the doctrine, that the manual labor of society ought to be shared among all the members, there are reasons proper to every individual, why he should not be deprived of it. The use of manual labor is one which never grows obsolete, and which is inapplicable to no person. A man should have a farm or a mechanical craft for his culture. We must have a basis for our higher accomplishments, our delicate entertainments of poetry and philosophy, in the work of our hands. We must have an antagonism in the tough world for all the variety of our spiritual faculties, or they will not be born. Manual labor is the study of the external world. The advantage of riches remains with him who procured them, not with the heir. When I go into my garden with a spade, and dig a bed, I feel such an exhilaration and health, that I discover that I have been defrauding myself all this time in letting others do for me what I should have done with my own hands. But not only health but education is in the work. Is it possible that I who get indefinite quantities of sugar, hominy, cotton, buckets, crockery ware, and letter paper, by simply signing my name once in three months to a cheque in favor of John Smith and Co. traders, get the fair share of exercise to my faculties by that act, which nature intended for me in making all these far-fetched matters important to my comfort? It is Smith himself, and his carriers, and dealers, and manufacturers, it is the sailor, and the hide-drogher, the butcher, the negro, the hunter, and the planter, who have intercepted the sugar of the sugar, and the cotton of the cotton. They have got the education, I only the commodity. This were all very well if I were necessarily absent, being detained by work of my own, like theirs, — work of the same faculties; then should I be sure of my hands and feet, but now I feel some shame before my woodchopper, my ploughman, and my cook, for they have some sort of self-sufficiency, they can contrive without my aid to bring the day and year round, but I depend on them, and have not earned by use a right to my arms and feet.

Consider further the difference between the first and

second owner of property. Every species of property is preyed on by its own enemies, as iron by rust; timber by rot; cloth by moths; provisions by mould, putridity, or vermin; money by thieves; an orchard by insects; a planted field by weeds and the inroad of cattle; a stock of cattle by hunger; a road by rain and frost; a bridge by freshets. And whoever takes any of these things into his possession, takes the charge of defending them from this troop of enemies, or of keeping them in repair. A man who supplies his own want, who builds a raft or a boat to go a fishing, finds it easy to caulk it, or put in a thole-pin, or mend the rudder. What he gets only as fast as he wants for his own ends, does not embarrass him, or take away his sleep with looking after. But when he comes to give all the goods he has year after year collected, in one estate to his son, house, orchard, ploughed land, cattle, bridges, hard-ware, wooden-ware, carpets, cloths, provisions, books, money, and cannot give him the skill and experience which made or collected these, and the method and place they have in his own life, the son finds his hands full — not to use these things, — but to look after them and defend them from their natural enemies. To him they are not means, but masters. Their enemies will not remit; rust, mould, vermin, rain, sun, freshet, fire, all seize their own, fill him with vexation, and he is converted from the owner into a watchman or a watch-dog to this magazine of old and new chattels. What a change! Instead of the masterly good humor, and sense of power, and fertility of resource in himself; instead of those strong and learned hands, those piercing and learned eyes, that supple body, and that mighty and prevailing heart, which the father had, whom nature loved and feared, whom snow and rain, water and land, beast and fish seemed all to know and to serve, we have now a puny, protected person guarded by walls and curtains, stoves and down beds, coaches, and men-servants and women-servants from the earth and the sky, and who, bred to depend on all these, is made anxious by all that endangers those possessions, and is forced to spend so much time in guarding them, that he has quite lost sight of their original use, namely, to help him to his ends, — to the prosecution of his love; to the helping of his friend, to the worship of his God, to the en-

largement of his knowledge, to the serving of his country, to the indulgence of his sentiment, and he is now what is called a rich man, — the menial and runner of his riches.

Hence it happens that the whole interest of history lies in the fortunes of the poor. Knowledge, Virtue, Power are the victories of man over his necessities, his march to the dominion of the world. Every man ought to have this opportunity to conquer the world for himself. Only such persons interest us, Spartans, Romans, Saracens, English, Americans, who have stood in the jaws of need, and have by their own wit and might extricated themselves, and made man victorious.

I do not wish to overstate this doctrine of labor, or insist that every man should be a farmer, any more than that every man should be a lexicographer. In general, one may say, that the husbandman's is the oldest, and most universal profession, and that where a man does not yet discover in himself any fitness for one work more than another, this may be preferred. But the doctrine of the Farm is merely this, that every man ought to stand in primary relations with the work of the world, ought to do it himself, and not to suffer the accident of his having a purse in his pocket, or his having been bred to some dishonorable and injurious craft, to sever him from those duties; and for this reason, that labor is God's education; that he only is a sincere learner, he only can become a master, who learns the secrets of labor, and who by real cunning extorts from nature its sceptre.

Neither would I shut my ears to the plea of the learned professions, of the poet, the priest, the lawgiver, and men of study generally; namely, that in the experience of all men of that class, that degree of manual labor which is necessary to the maintenance of a family, indisposes and disqualifies for intellectual exertion. I know it often, perhaps usually, happens, that where there is a fine organization apt for poetry and philosophy, that individual finds himself compelled to wait on his thoughts, to waste several days that he may enhance and glorify one; and is better taught by a moderate and dainty exercise, such as rambling in the fields, rowing, skating, hunting, than by the downright drudgery of the farmer and the smith. I would not quite forget the venerable counsel of the ancient Egyptian mys-

teries, which declared that "there were two pair of eyes in man, and it is requisite that the pair which are beneath should be closed, when the pair that are above them perceive, and that when the pair above are closed, those which are beneath should be opened." Yet I will suggest that no separation from labor can be without some loss of power and of truth to the seer himself; that, I doubt not, the faults and vices of our literature and philosophy, their too great fineness, effeminacy, and melancholy, are attributable to the enervated and sickly habits of the literary class. Better that the book should not be quite so good, and the bookmaker abler and better, and not himself often a ludicrous contrast to all that he has written.

But granting that for ends so sacred and dear, some relaxation must be had, I think, that if a man find in himself any strong bias to poetry, to art, to the contemplative life, drawing him to these things with a devotion incompatible with good husbandry, that man ought to reckon early with himself, and, respecting the compensations of the Universe, ought to ransom himself from the duties of economy, by a certain rigor and privation in his habits. For privileges so rare and grand, let him not stint to pay a great tax. Let him be a cænobite, a pauper, and if need be, celibate also. Let him learn to eat his meals standing, and to relish the taste of fair water and black bread. He may leave to others the costly conveniences of housekeeping and large hospitality and the possession of works of art. Let him feel that genius is a hospitality, and that he who can create works of art needs not collect them. He must live in a chamber, and postpone his self-indulgence, forewarned and forearmed against that frequent misfortune of men of genius, — the taste for luxury. This is the tragedy of genius, — attempting to drive along the ecliptic with one horse of the heavens and one horse of the earth, there is only discord and ruin and downfall to chariot and charioteer.

The duty that every man should assume his own vows, should call the institutions of society to account, and examine their fitness to him, gains in emphasis, if we look now at our modes of living. Is our housekeeping sacred and honorable? Does it raise and inspire us, or does it

cripple us instead? I ought to be armed by every part and function of my household, by all my social function, by my economy, by my feasting, by my voting, by my traffic. Yet now I am almost no party to any of these things. Custom does it for me, gives me no power therefrom, and runs me in debt to boot. We spend our incomes for paint and paper, for a hundred trifles, I know not what, and not for the things of a man. Our expense is almost all for conformity. It is for cake that we run in debt; 't is not the intellect, not the heart, not beauty, not worship, that costs so much. Why needs any man be rich? Why must he have horses, and fine garments, and handsome apartments, and access to public houses, and places of amusement? Only for want of thought. Once waken in him a divine thought, and he flees into a solitary garden or garret to enjoy it, and is richer with that dream, than the fee of a county could make him. But we are first thoughtless, and then find that we are moneyless. We are first sensual, and then must be rich. We dare not trust our wit for making our house pleasant to our friend, and so we buy ice-creams. He is accustomed to carpets, and we have not sufficient character to put floor-cloths out of his mind whilst he stays in the house, and so we pile the floor with carpets. Let the house rather be a temple of the Furies of Lacedæmon, formidable and holy to all, which none but a Spartan may enter or so much as behold. As soon as there is faith, as soon as there is society, comfits and cushions will be left to slaves. Expense will be inventive and heroic. We shall eat hard and lie hard, we shall dwell like the ancient Romans in narrow tenements, whilst our public edifices, like theirs, will be worthy for their proportion of the landscape in which we set them, for conversation, for art, for music, for worship. We shall be rich to great purposes; poor only for selfish ones.

Now what help for these evils? How can the man who has learned but one art, procure all the conveniences of life honestly? Shall we say all we think? — Perhaps with his own hands. Suppose he collects or makes them ill; — yet he has got their lesson. If he cannot do that. — Then perhaps he can go without. Immense wisdom and riches are in that. It is better to go without, than to have them

at too great a cost. Let us learn the meaning of economy. Economy is a high, humane office, a sacrament, when its aim is grand; when it is the prudence of simple tastes, when it is practised for freedom, or love, or devotion. Much of the economy which we see in houses, is of a base origin, and is best kept out of sight. Parched corn eaten to-day that I may have roast fowl to my dinner on Sunday, is a baseness; but parched corn and a house with one apartment, that I may be free of all perturbations of mind, that I may be serene and docile to what the God shall speak, and girt and road-ready for the lowest mission of knowledge or goodwill, is frugality for gods and heroes.

Can we not learn the lesson of self-help? Society is full of infirm people, who incessantly summon others to serve them. They contrive everywhere to exhaust for their single comfort the entire means and appliances of that luxury to which our invention has yet attained. Sofas, ottomans, stoves, wine, game-fowl, spices, perfumes, rides, the theatre, entertainments, — all these they want, they need, and whatever can be suggested more than these, they crave also, as if it was the bread which should keep them from starving; and if they miss any one, they represent themselves as the most wronged and most wretched persons on earth. One must have been born and bred with them to know how to prepare a meal for their learned stomach. Meantime, they never bestir themselves to serve another person; not they! they have a great deal more to do for themselves than they can possibly perform, nor do they once perceive the cruel joke of their lives, but the more odious they grow, the sharper is the tone of their complaining and craving. Can anything be so elegant as to have few wants and to serve them one's self, so as to have somewhat left to give, instead of being always prompt to grab? It is more elegant to answer one's own needs, than to be richly served; inelegant perhaps it may look to-day, and to a few, but it is an elegance forever and to all.

I do not wish to be absurd and pedantic in reform. I do not wish to push my criticism on the state of things around me to that extravagant mark, that shall compel me to suicide, or to an absolute isolation from the advantages of civil society. If we suddenly plant our foot, and say, —

I will neither eat nor drink nor wear nor touch any food or fabric which I do not know to be innocent, or deal with any person whose whole manner of life is not clear and rational, we shall stand still. Whose is so? Not mine; not thine; not his. But I think we must clear ourselves each one by the interrogation, whether we have earned our bread to-day by the hearty contribution of our energies to the common benefit? and we must not cease to *tend* to the correction of these flagrant wrongs, by laying one stone aright every day.

But the idea which now begins to agitate society has a wider scope than our daily employments, our households, and the institutions of property. We are to revise the whole of our social structure, the state, the school, religion, marriage, trade, science, and explore their foundations in our own nature; we are to see that the world not only fitted the former men, but fits us, and to clear ourselves of every usage which has not its roots in our own mind. What is a man born for but to be a Reformer, a Re-maker of what man has made; a renouncer of lies; a restorer of truth and good, imitating that great Nature which embosoms us all, and which sleeps no moment on an old past, but every hour repairs herself, yielding us every morning a new day, and with every pulsation a new life? Let him renounce everything which is not true to him, and put all his practices back on their first thoughts, and do nothing for which he has not the whole world for his reason. If there are inconveniences, and what is called ruin in the way, because we have so enervated and maimed ourselves, yet it would be like dying of perfumes to sink in the effort to reattach the deeds of every day to the holy and mysterious recesses of life.

The power, which is at once spring and regulator in all efforts of reform, is faith in Man, the conviction that there is an infinite worthiness in him which will appear at the call of worth, and that all particular reforms are the removing of some impediment. Is it not the highest duty that man should be honored in us? I ought not to allow any man, because he has broad lands, to feel that he is rich in my presence. I ought to make him feel that I can do without his riches, that I cannot be bought, — neither by comfort, neither by pride, — and though I be utterly pen-

niless, and receiving bread from him, that he is the poor man beside me. And if, at the same time, a woman or a child discovers a sentiment of piety, or a juster way of thinking than mine, I ought to confess it by my respect and obedience, though it go to alter my whole way of life.

The Americans have many virtues, but they have not Faith and Hope. I know no two words whose meaning is more lost sight of. We use these words as if they were as obsolete as Selah and Amen. And yet they have the broadest meaning and the most cogent application to Boston in 1841. The Americans have no faith. They rely on the power of a dollar; they are deaf to a sentiment. They think you may talk the north wind down as easily as raise society; and no class more faithless than the scholars or intellectual men. Now if I talk with a sincere wise man and my friend, with a poet, with a conscientious youth who is still under the dominion of his own wild thoughts, and not yet harnessed in the team of society to drag with us all in the ruts of custom, I see at once how paltry is all this generation of unbelievers, and what a house of cards their institutions are, and I see what one brave man, what one great thought executed might effect. I see that the reason of the distrust of the practical man in all theory, is his inability to perceive the means whereby we work. Look, he says, at the tools with which this world of yours is to be built. As we cannot make a planet, with atmosphere, rivers, and forests, by means of the best carpenters' or engineers' tools, with chemist's laboratory and smith's forge to boot, — so neither can we ever construct that heavenly society you prate of, out of foolish, sick, selfish men and women, such as we know them to be. But the believer not only beholds his heaven to be possible, but already to begin to exist, — but not by the men or materials the statesman uses, but by men transfigured and raised above themselves by the power of principles. To principles something else is possible that transcends all the power of expedients.

Every great and commanding moment in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm. The victories of the Arabs after Mahomet, who, in a few years, from a small and mean beginning, established a larger empire than that of Rome, is an example. They did they knew

not what. The naked Derar, horsed on an idea, was found an overmatch for a troop of Roman cavalry. The women fought like men, and conquered the Roman men. They were miserably equipped, miserably fed. They were Temperance troops. There was neither brandy nor flesh needed to feed them. They conquered Asia, and Africa, and Spain, on barley. The Caliph Omar's walking stick struck more terror into those who saw it, than another man's sword. His diet was barley bread; his sauce was salt; and oftentimes by way of abstinence he ate his bread without salt. His drink was water. His palace was built of mud; and when he left Medina to go to the conquest of Jerusalem, he rode on a red camel, with a wooden platter hanging at his saddle, with a bottle of water and two sacks, one holding barley, and the other dried fruits.

But there will dawn ere long on our politics, on our modes of living, a nobler morning than that Arabian faith, in the sentiment of love. This is the one remedy for all ills, the panacea of nature. We must be lovers, and instantly the impossible becomes possible. Our age and history, for these thousand years, has not been the history of kindness, but of selfishness. Our distrust is very expensive. The money we spend for courts and prisons is very ill laid out. We make by distrust the thief, and burglar, and incendiary, and by our court and jail we keep him so. An acceptance of the sentiment of love throughout Christendom for a season, would bring the felon and the outcast to our side in tears, with the devotion of his faculties to our service. See this wide society of laboring men and women. We allow ourselves to be served by them, we live apart from them, and meet them without a salute in the streets. We do not greet their talents, nor rejoice in their good fortune, nor foster their hopes, nor in the assembly of the people vote for what is dear to them. Thus we enact the part of the selfish noble and king from the foundation of the world. See, this tree always bears one fruit. In every household, the peace of a pair is poisoned by the malice, slyness, indolence, and alienation of domestics. Let any two matrons meet, and observe how soon their conversation turns on the troubles from their "*help*," as our phrase is. In every knot of laborers, the rich man does not feel himself among his friends,—and at the polls he finds them arrayed in a mass in distinct opposition to

him. We complain that the politics of masses of the people are so often controlled by designing men, and led in opposition to manifest justice and the common weal, and to their own interest. But the people do not wish to be represented or ruled by the ignorant and base. They only vote for these because they were asked with the voice and semblance of kindness. They will not vote for them long. They inevitably prefer wit and probity. To use an Egyptian metaphor, it is not their will for any long time "to raise the nails of wild beasts, and to depress the heads of the sacred birds." Let our affection flow out to our fellows; it would operate in a day the greatest of all revolutions. It is better to work on institutions by the sun than by the wind. The state must consider the poor man, and all voices must speak for him. Every child that is born must have a just chance for his bread. Let the amelioration in our laws of property proceed from the concession of the rich, not from the grasping of the poor. Let us begin by habitual imparting. Let us understand that the equitable rule is, that no one should take more than his share, let him be ever so rich. Let me feel that I am to be a lover. I am to see to it that the world is the better for me, and to find my reward in the act. Love would put a new face on this weary old world in which we dwell as pagans and enemies too long, and it would warm the heart to see how fast the vain diplomacy of statesmen, the impotence of armies, and navies, and lines of defence, would be superseded by this unarmed child. Love will creep where it cannot go, will accomplish that by imperceptible methods, — being its own lever, fulcrum, and power, — which force could never achieve. Have you not seen in the woods, in a late autumn morning, a poor fungus or mushroom, — a plant without any solidity, nay, that seemed nothing but a soft mush or jelly, — by its constant, total, and inconceivably gentle pushing, manage to break its way up through the frosty ground, and actually to lift a hard crust on its head? It is the symbol of the power of kindness. The virtue of this principle in human society in application to great interests is obsolete and forgotten. Once or twice in history it has been tried in illustrious instances, with signal success. This great, overgrown, dead Christendom of ours still keeps alive at least the name of a lover of mankind.

But one day all men will be lovers; and every calamity will be dissolved in the universal sunshine.

Will you suffer me to add one trait more to this portrait of man the reformer? The finished man should have a great prospective prudence, that he may perform the high office of mediator between the spiritual and the actual world. An Arabian poet describes his hero by saying,

> "Sunshine was he
> In the winter day;
> And in the midsummer
> Coolness and shade."

He who would help himself and others, should be not a subject of irregular and interrupted impulses of virtue, but a continent, persisting, immovable person, — such as we have seen a few scattered up and down in time for the blessing of the world; men who have in the gravity of their nature a quality which answers to the fly-wheel in a mill, which distributes the motion equably over all the wheels, and hinders it from falling unequally and suddenly in destructive shocks. It is better that joy should be spread over all the day in the form of strength, than that it should be concentrated into ecstasies, full of danger and followed by reactions. There is a sublime prudence, which is the very highest that we know of man, which, believing in a vast future, — sure of more to come than is yet seen, — postpones always the present hour to the whole life; postpones always talent to genius, and special results to character. As the merchant gladly takes money from his income to add to his capital, so is the great man very willing to lose particular powers and talents, so that he gain in the elevation of his life. The opening of the spiritual senses disposes men ever to greater sacrifices, to leave their signal talents, their best means and skill of procuring a present success, their power and their fame, — to cast all things behind, in the insatiable thirst for divine communications. A purer fame, a greater power rewards the sacrifice. It is the conversion of our harvest into seed. Is there not somewhat sublime in the act of the farmer, who casts into the ground the finest ears of his grain? The time will come when we too shall hold nothing back, but shall eagerly convert more than we now possess into means and powers, when we shall be willing to sow the sun and the moon for seeds.

MUSIC OF THE WINTER.

The past winter has afforded a great variety of entertainment to the musical world. It has been characterized by much activity, and by a decided expression of popular interest, with which no fault could be found, but that of its usual want of nice discernment. Instrumental music has made rapid strides, especially orchestral performances, and a liberal patronage, in some cases ill-bestowed, has attended the numerous vocalists, who have urged their claims upon us. A comparison of the present condition of the public ear with its former apathy, promises a still greater improvement, a more lively susceptibility to, and understanding of this divine art, and a stronger sympathy for the artist. To be able to discover true genius, to distinguish science from empiricism, and the effrontery of pretension from the confidence of real merit, we must hear much music, and weigh not only its momentary impressions, but its after influences; the former are phantoms, the latter are truth, and are laid up with our other gifts of beauty. A cultivated taste is the fruit of time, experience, and thought; it can be acquired, where no natural defect opposes a barrier to the power of sound, and the audiences of the past winter have shown a willingness to hear, which will gradually ripen into an appreciation of all that is worthy and undying in the art.

The Boston Academy of Music have presented some of the finest orchestral performances that we have ever heard. The unity of effect, and the equality and precision of their instrumental music, are worthy of the highest praise, and reflect credit upon the members of the band, as well as their accomplished and graceful leader. Mr. Schmidt is an ornament to his profession, and a true supporter of its dignity, a musician of rare taste and steady growth. The choir of the Academy is large and well-trained, and the organ parts are sustained by Mr. Müller with great readiness and accuracy.

The concerts and oratorios of the Handel and Haydn Society have been deservedly well attended throughout the winter. The chorus is excellent, and its members have attained a high degree of perfection in the performance of their

parts. If any suggestion could be made, it would be the propriety of a little more light and shade, which is with difficulty imparted to such a volume of tone. A larger choir might be more impressive, but we doubt whether any of equal number could be found more correct and effective. The solos are seldom well given; and there are many, such as "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and "Thou shalt dash them in pieces," from the Messiah, that are only within the scope of the most exalted talent, and are the cause of pain when poorly executed. The former of these songs, we believe, is never heard, except under the auspices of some distinguished vocalist. A proper performance of such compositions can hardly be expected from an amateur; to do them justice, requires the preliminary study of years, and the extreme cultivation of an artist. In the engagement of Mr. Braham, this society have not only contributed to their own improvement, but greatly added to the pleasure of the musical world.

The fame and talents of this wonderful singer deserve a separate and lengthened notice; for he has been the bright star of our winter season. He was heralded by a reputation, upon which forty years have been shedding a constant lustre, and he has passed away without leaving upon our minds one feeling of disappointment, and no regret, except that which his farewell has awakened. The name of Braham is connected with all that is dear in English music; for years and years he has ruled the audiences of his native land with the sway of an autocrat, till his genius has been almost deified, and his blemishes excused, and even imitated with fondness. Nature has denied him nothing, while Art has moulded his pliant qualities nearly to perfection. In the prime of life, when his physical powers answered every demand of an exuberant fancy, and the resources of soul and voice were equal, we can conceive of that general enthusiasm, which recognised no fault in this King of Song; and it is, perhaps, to the sacrifices that he has made for unbounded popularity, that we may attribute the faults which have long displeased even those who loved him best. Mr. Braham's arrival in this country was unexpected, and the announcement of his first appearance in this city aroused an interest, which showed the extent of his fame. Many will remember the thronged audience that

greeted him, the mingled expressions of disappointment and pleasure, which were called forth by his singing, and the ignorant and unjust criticism which followed upon expectations unrealized. Very few remembered his history, his age and services; and the novelty of his style, because not immediately comprehended, was by many received with coldness; but there were some, whose respect for the name of Braham made them cautious of first impressions, and upon these minds the beauties of his performance dawned steadily and calmly. His voice is a pure tenor, possessing fulness, richness, delicacy, pathos, and the most wonderful flexibility. His compass was originally about nineteen notes, and this, though slightly impaired, he seems to retain; while throughout its whole extent there is a remarkable equality of tone and skilful blending of the registers, that render every portion available. With all these natural qualifications of voice, Mr. Braham has the greatest science, the most undoubted taste, and an experience which enables him to surmount all the obstacles of his profession. The versatility of his talents, and the ease with which he has at any time been able to sacrifice his own preferences to popular will, has subjected him to that harsh criticism, which for many years has analyzed so closely the beauties and defects of his style. Yet the steady splendor which he has maintained in the face of disparagement, and the strength of wing, which, after descending to pamper a vulgar taste, could bear him unrivalled into the regions of classic song, have given to Braham the reputation of the world's greatest tenor. Although he is emphatically an English singer, yet the traces of an Italian education are perceptible, especially in the expression of sentiment and passion. In this, we think, lies his forte, but not to the exclusion of other beauties. There is at times a purity of tone that appears almost unearthly; a clear, transparent undulation, that seems as free from physical agency as the sound of dropping water; sometimes it breathes of tenderness, sometimes of grief; now it startles the ear like the note of a clarion, and now we follow its dying cadence into the softest whisper of pity or love. Remember the accents of despair in the recitative of "Jeptha's Vow," and the sweetness of the prayer that follows it; the tremulant grief of Samson for the loss of sight; the divine expression given

to those passages of the Messiah, "Comfort ye my people," and "Thy rebuke hath broken his heart;" the magnificent execution of "Thou shalt dash them in pieces," and we must think of Braham as peerless and alone. Listen to his voice in the gentle and captivating melody of Beethoven's "Adelaide;" in the playfulness of his Scotch and English ballads; in the thrilling strains of "Marmion," the "Death of Nelson," Napoleon's Midnight Review," and the fine nautical song, the "Bay of Biscay," it is still unrivalled, unsurpassed.

With the deepest enthusiasm for the singing of Braham, we could not, if we would, esteem him faultless; his defects are too glaring to escape even the uncultivated ear; they expose him to illiberal and ignorant criticism, to prejudice and neglect. They have become confirmed during a long life of professional industry and exertion. For many, an indulgent public are accountable; for others, his own neglect, not ignorance, must stand rebuked. He is often careless and loose in execution, displaying at times a redundancy of ornament, which is uncalled for and unmeaning, and displeases a severe taste, even when well performed. His genius supports him equally in the purest orchestral style, as in the most brilliant and meretricious composition; he is simple or ornate, chaste or unrefined, with the audience before him; and displays a willingness to surrender his own knowledge of the beautiful, for the sake of indiscriminate gratification. A frequent explosive and abrupt manner of terminating a tone is one of his most unpleasant defects, for the ear is startled and pained by being harshly deserted; and an incorrectness of tune, the most unpardonable fault in a singer, is by no means of rare occurrence.

Yet, with all that may be said in disparagement of Mr. Braham, we believe him to have been the finest tenor of the world; and now that age has crept upon him, we would view his failings with tenderness, for the sake of the glory that has been; and glean from the ruin the splendid relics of the past. We must now estimate him by the power of imagination, and fancy the noon-day brightness of that sun, which is near its setting. There are many, who think he has stayed too long; that he should have "rushed to his burning bed" with undimmed splendor, like that of tropic

eve. With such we cannot sympathize. We would cherish to the last that genius, over the grave of which ages will pass and bring no equal; and hang with rapture over the last echo that returns the voice of Braham.

The opera has been maintained with credit by Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and Brough. This trio have always been favorites with the Boston public, and their reception was flattering. Mrs. Wood, we think, has improved in strength, but lost somewhat in delicacy of expression; her style is now too florid, and at times, her singing is almost coarse. Mr. Wood has gained much; and though by no means a remarkable singer, exhibits much pathos and feeling in the execution of passionate music. Mr. Brough, during his whole engagement, disappointed those who had formerly commended him; he was negligent and careless, and seems to augur no farther excellence. Mr. Wood has promised to return with a new selection of music, and retire himself from the stage in favor of some more distinguished tenor. We wish that there were a more general attendance upon operatic performances. A familiarity with them gives discrimination to popular taste, and prepares the ear to receive and appreciate more dignified and elevated musical composition.

It is very evident, that, at the present time, the simplest music is that which is the most kindly listened to; and for this reason, as well as their freedom from pretension, the Rainers have become favorites with the public. We should like to hear them sing on the bosom of one of those beautiful lakes in their native land, with a full moon above, and the ripple below, where the simple harmony of their quartette would be in keeping with the scene; in the concert-room, there is a monotony and repetition in their music, which soon becomes tiresome.

The winter has, of course, not passed, without one or more visits from Mr. Russell. Under the auspices of this distinguished man, a new class of songs has sprung to life, which seems devoted to the romance of domestic antiquities, such as old nurse-lamps, old farm-gates, and old arm-chairs. We were somewhat surprised at the versatility of talent, that could descend from a theme so grand as the "Skeptic," (which, to say the least, contains some interesting reminiscences,) to subjects so humble; the step,

$ 2l. — for 4 vols

however, from the sublime to the ridiculous is but short, and we doubt not these compositions will, like the Jew's razors, answer the end for which they were created.

T..

FAREWELL!

And memories so blessed bore she hence
  Of all she knew in those few earthly years
As were to her the lovely models, whence
  To shape the hopes she formed for unknown spheres.

And gently then the spirit stole away,
  Leaving the body in a quiet sleep,
As if 't were too much pain with living sense
  To break a tie such precious years did keep;
As if it feared to trust the waking hour,
  When that form, lovely as an angel's need,
Should question why the soul left such abode,
  Or why with it to heaven it might not speed.

Still lies thy child with an unspotted brow,
Earth's dust is shaken from her young feet now,
And, raying light, she stands in Heaven's clear day,
Girt for an onward and victorious way;
Whom God hath housed wilt thou call back to brave
Anew those storms from which thou canst not save?